1471 f 34

FEMALE TUITION;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

30
58
OCT

FEMALE TUITION;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MOTHERS,

ON THE

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY W. SLEATER, No 51,
CASTLE-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

PREFACE.

30 OCT 58

PREFACE.

THE inſtructions in this little volume are not wholly framed for young women in ſuperior ſtations. Several writers of high reputation have already exhauſted that view of the ſubject, or at leaſt rendered all ſimilar efforts of more ordinary minds unneceſſary. The influence of the ſex in general on the preſent ſtate of the moral world, our author points out as the leading object of his conſideration and improvement. This, in his opinion, is one of the radical ſources of that univerſal diſſipation and inſignificance which produce ſo

much impropriety and distress in every rank of life, and which he is chiefly desirous of correcting. Could we make good women of our daughters, he has long thought, an effectual reformation would soon take place in every department of society. With this view his observations are addressed to Mothers, and given to the world under no other anxiety, than that Providence may render them useful.

CON-

CONTENTS.

	page
INTRODUCTION — — —	9
MATERNAL AUTHORITY — —	19
DOMESTIC ATTENTION — —	33
DILIGENCE AND ACTIVITY —	49
OECONOMY — — — —	70
SIMPLICITY — — —	90
FEMALE PURSUITS — —	138
HONOUR — — — —	172
KNOWLEDGE — — —	192
VIRTUE — — — —	201
RELIGION — — — —	208
RESIGNATION — — —	220

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION — — — 9

MATERNAL AFFECTION — — 13

DOMESTIC ATTENTION — — 33

DISCRETION — — 40

OECONOMY — — — — 70

SIMPLICITY — — — 90

FEMALE INTRODUCTION — 112

HONOUR — — — — 172

KNOWLEDGE — — — 192

VIRTUE — 201

You are deeply concerned in the tuition and welfare of your daughters. Nothing that affects their interest, can possibly be indifferent to you. Nor is there one of all their pursuits, which ought not to be inspected and regulated by you, with as much caution and delicacy as

AN

ADDRESS

TO

MOTHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

MOTHERS!

YOU are deeply concerned in the tuition and welfare of your daughters. Nothing that affects their interest, can possibly be indifferent to you. Nor is there one of all their purſuits, which ought not to be inſpected and regulated by you, with as much caution and delicacy

as

as your own. They are a truſt committed by Providence to your care, and for which you are ſo ſtrictly accountable, that the minuteſt impropriety in their future conduct will be imputed to you.

It is on this very tender, but important Buſineſs, I now mean to addreſs you. Will not my ſubject then give me a claim upon your moſt ſerious attention? Certain I am, whoever ſees their conſequence to ſociety in a proper light, the laſting impreſſion their example, whether good or bad, makes on the manners of the other ſex, and how much the comfort of life is connected with their diſpoſitions, will admit with me, that ſuch a public addreſs as this, though at all times neceſſary, can never be more ſeaſonable than at preſent.

Where ſhall we ſow the ſeeds of piety and worth, of moral, ſocial, and exemplary excellence, if our young women are neglected?

glected? and what other ſoil promiſes ſo much increaſe, or ſuch a generous return?

I flatter myſelf the language of the following prayer from one of the moſt illuſtrious ſages of antiquity, breathes the genuine ſentiments of all your hearts: THAT OUR DAUGHTERS MAY BE AS CORNER STONES POLISHED AFTER THE SIMILITUDE OF A PALACE.

The royal Writer of this beautiful compoſition, like all enlightened and elegant men, thought highly of your ſex. The metaphor he adopts in praying for the proſperity of his country-women, in the true genius of the eaſtern tongue, is the greateſt compliment he could pay them. It is the CORNER STONE? which confers ſtrength, ſtability, and beauty on the whole building, and when POLISHED AFTER THE SIMILITUDE OF A PALACE, reaches the higheſt degree of excellence which art can beſtow

beſtow. So that by the uſe of this ſignificant image, he earneſtly deſires that all young women were educated in ſuch a manner, as might qualify them for filling their ſeveral ſtations in life with credit to themſelves and ſatisfaction to others. A deſire which, I truſt, warms the heart, and directs the conduct of all thoſe readers who have the honour or hope to be mothers.

MATERNAL

MATERNAL AUTHORITY.

ONE of the firſt ideas with which you ought to ſet out in this pleaſing, but arduous undertaking, is, that "*your daughters* "*ſhould be ſubject to you, and not you to your* "*daughters.*" I am not to learn how very harſh the word OBEDIENCE ſounds in ignorant and licentious ears, and how natural it is for young minds to ſhew a ſtrong diſlike to the leaſt appearance of reſtraint; ſubmiſſion however, of one kind or other, will ever be found indiſpenſable in every poſſible ſtate of ſociety. Inſomuch that no human being, of either ſex, was ever good for any thing, who did not receive an education in this great ſchool. No medium has yet been found between abſolute immunity, and the groſſeſt licentiouſneſs. Rid but the beſt among us of the many ob-

 ligations,

ligations, by which nature and ſociety ſecure his attachment, and all that futurity can threaten ſhall not be able to check his preſent madneſs. Such, it would ſeem, is our native turbulence of mind, that even in the higheſt ſtate of improvement, a certain degree of authority is neceſſary to keep us within bounds. Philoſophers themſelves are as much ſlaves to their whims in many reſpects as idiots. Even tyrants, who ſpurn at the common laws of humanity, cannot wholly diſengage themſelves from other rules of conduct, which bind them ſtill more forceably than thoſe they relinquiſh.

It is therefore, a fundamental maxim in the conſtitution of human nature, that we have no real enjoyment of freedom, without previouſly ſuffering reſtriction. To give ſociety all the advantage of this principle, it ſhould firſt be applied, while our minds are yet in a ſtate of infancy. Women eſpecially, ſhould be accuſtomed to the earlieſt habits of ſubjection and obedience. They are ſeldom enſlaved, unleſs by the moſt worthleſs

worthleſs of our ſex; but neither does it ſeem the intention of nature, they ſhould openly at leaſt aſſume the lead. Habits of attention and deference to ſome one, whom they ought to conſider as their ſuperior, is, on this account, the very beſt introduction they can have to that ſort of life which moſt becomes them. Nor is there a more infallible method of fortifying their tender and delicate nature againſt all the croſs and untoward accidents of life. It produces, eſpecially, all that ſobriety of temper, and ſerenity of heart, in which, as in a fertile ſoil, the beauteous and benign graces of reſignation and humility ſpring up and proſper. In ſhort, you never ſaw a peeviſh, croſs, or fantaſtic girl, who did not owe the worſt diſpoſitions that can be imputed to her, to thoſe under whoſe care ſhe ſpent her earlieſt years.

It is aſtoniſhing how ſoon children graſp at dominion, and how peculiarly unhappy, like all other tyrants, they generally ſeem in the very meridian of power! They never

know ſo little, either what they need, or what they would have, as when every one, and every thing, is at their command. This is a ſtate of mind to which no creature is equal. It intoxicates the ſtrongeſt, and who can tell how pernicious and deplorable its influence muſt be on the weakeſt? Thus abandoned to themſelves, their feelings are tinged with acrimony, and their tempers deranged by caprice. They are always teazing, and always teazed. Peace is a ſtranger to their breaſts, and they cannot bear to ſee others pleaſed while they are out of humour. Their little unruly hearts being perpetually diſtracted and chagrined, fancy aſſumes a direction in all their attachments and diverſions, which it never after relinquiſhes, and who would not tremble for the unavoidable wretchedneſs of that child, who ſeems ſolicitous only to be troubleſome, and amuſed with nothing that does not give uneaſineſs and diſturbance to others? For ſhe whom all her ſenſes continually convince that ſhe is every thing, and

and all around her leſs than nothing, like an effeminate Eaſtern deſpot, is naturally and unavoidably lazy, obſtinate, and capricious.

There are parents ſo abſorbed in the conceit of their own management, and duped by a ſelfiſh partiality for their judgments, that is impoſſible to point out to them any error for which they have not a thouſand excuſes. They place a mighty ſtreſs upon the difference of their feelings; and while you admoniſh them to be diffident, and to turn an impartial eye to their improprieties, they deride your honeſty, and throw upon you the vulgar imputation of ſeverity and harſhneſs. They little think how very abſurd and deplorable the impertinences of their ſpoiled and petulant children appear to perſons of diſcernment, who are not blinded by a parent's fondneſs, and who ſcorn to affect a complaiſance, where they can only be filled with diſguſt.

What elſe but this pitiful ſyſtem of female depravity, is the ſource of all thoſe freaks, vanities and affectations, which, in all ages and all ranks, have rendered ſo many of the ſex ridiculous? Why; as well before, as after they have families of their own, are they ſo perfectly chimerical and romantic in their feelings and ideas, ſo melancholy and dejected under the common diſappointments of life, and ſo peculiarly reſtleſs and fretful even while gratified in all their wiſhes? The reaſon we all know. It is a ſcandal to human nature, and a ſtanding ſarcaſm on common ſenſe. It poiſons the the ſprings of life, and renders thoſe feelings, which ſhould be the bleſſing, the very curſe of exiſtence. For whatever perverts the paſſions of their daughters, or intoxicates their fancies with giddineſs and pride, dazzles their riſing minds with the glare of faſhion, or inflames their tender affections with fictitious deſires, may be traced with certainty to the pernicious and ill-judged tenderneſs of mothers. It is with them preciſely as with plants and ſapplings of all

kinds,

kinds. They are healthy, beautiful and good, in proportion to the ſtraightneſs of their growth; but the moment that begins to bend, knots and protuberances break out, and they fall a prey to rottenneſs and vermin.

Think, ye who have families, how it is with yourſelves, in what your domeſtic bliſs chiefly conſiſts, by what means things are made moſt eaſy to you! There is not one among you, who will ſeriouſly ſay, that any part of your comfort in a conjugal ſtate ariſes from an unlimited indulgence of all your conceits, an obſtinate perſeverance in unhappy prepoſſeſſions, a fullen reſentment of every inconſiderate expreſſion, a diſſatisfaction with the circumſtances in which you are, a peeviſh miſconſtruction of the accidents that may befall you, or a ſpurning with fury at occaſional contradiction. You will know, that men in general are not to be driven, like an herd of cattle, or teazed, as puppies ſometimes are, into good-nature. Independence is one of

the moſt valuable prerogatives of their nature, and no prudent woman would wiſh to rob that man of it, for whom ſhe has any real regard. And mere fools out of the queſtion, whoever does part with it, muſt in return, at leaſt, receive ſome equivalent. But petulance, croſſneſs, and levity, are qualities, which no man who reſpects himſelf, and his own eaſe, would purchaſe at any price.

Nor are theſe the means, if dominion is your object, to acquire it. Whatever your charms, whatever your powers of pleaſing may be, they ceaſe to operate the moment you begin to ſcowl, or fret, or ſtorm. You are born to be ſheltered, protected, and cheriſhed, by one whoſe temper, for that reaſon, it is your duty, your intereſt, your higheſt honour, to ſtudy and preſerve. Your perverſeneſs, therefore, muſt recoil chiefly on yourſelves; and, amidſt your ſweeteſt enjoyments, prove a fruitful ſpring of bitterneſs and ſorrow. Inſtead of anſwering the purpoſes of a benevolent

benevolent Providence, you would alſo, on this ſuppoſition, act as an emiſſary of ſome malignant ſpirit, in blaſting his peace of mind, who, of all the world, ſhould be deareſt to you. For, if he has no comfort at home, where ſhall he find it? and woe unto her, who can be eaſy, while he is not.

But the heart of the diſcontented, as well as that of the wicked, is like the TROUBLED SEA, WHICH NEVER IS AT REST, and inceſſantly CASTING FORTH MIRE AND DIRT. The mind that is low or vicious, unſettled in its deſigns, or ſordid in its purſuits, is ruffled, unhinged, and irritated by every thing. And the beſt of men may pity, but cannot long be fond of the woman, had ſhe all the charms of all the moſt lovely of her ſex, who is ſeldom or never chearful, whoſe heart feels no ſenſations but thoſe of diſlike, who delights in nothing ſo much as in putting a bad meaning on whatever, by any means in the world, can bear it? who ſeems

ingeniouſly only to refine on her own unhappineſs, and to whom the mereſt trifles are a ſerious and perpetual cauſe of uneaſineſs.

Human nature, and eſpecially the female ſyſtem, is happily and wiſely repleniſhed with ſuch a variety of ſenſibilities, as are fully adequate to all the purpoſes of ſocial intercourſe, or domeſtic life. Nor are there wanting, among the beſt and moſt accompliſhed of the ſex, who loudly complain of having more of this tender and delicate quality than is always conſiſtent with their happineſs and eaſe. Their affections kindle at every thing. Timid to exceſs, and debilitated by an habitual indulgence of conſtitutional weakneſſes, their whole frames, as if tottering on the verge of diſſolution, are inceſſantly deranged by the moſt trivial ſhocks. The jarring of a door, the howling of the wind, the ſight of a frog or a mouſe, incident to almoſt every ſituation, frequently flings them into ſuch fits of perturbation, as ſeriouſly endanger their

their lives. So heavy is the preſſure of ſenſibility, which reſts eternally on their hearts, that they are literally on their guard againſt nothing. Always apprehenſive, they exhauſt their whole time in avoiding evils, which, originating in their own minds, do nevertheleſs perpetually harraſs their feelings, and daſh their joys. The leaſt indiſpoſition of body, the ſmalleſt accident in life, a reſtleſs night, a frightful dream, or a cloudy ſky, awaken all their anxieties and apprehenſions, fill their heads with diſagreeable ideas, and their hearts with painful ſenſations; ruffle the ſweeteſt tempers, give a peeviſh ſenſibility to the fineſt natural diſpoſitions, and envelope every circumſtance, however agreeable, and every proſpect, however promiſing, with which they are connected, in one thick, ill-boding, impenetrable gloom. Perhaps the nerves of theſe unfortunate individuals may be of ſuch a peculiar conſtruction, as no ſtate of mortality could better accommodate. Their ſenſations are evidently too exquiſitely tempered for life, too fine and delicate for the "thouſand ſhocks," which,

in

in the preſent diſtracted maze of madneſs and impiety, muſt be felt; and, take them for all in all, they are much leſs qualified for earth than heaven.

This mental imperfection, ſo troubleſome and inconvenient to many valuable women, which converts their native gentleneſs into melancholy, their ſpirit or vivacity into impatience, and from which their fineſt ſentiments take an edge or colour, which heightens every calamity, and tinges every object with ſadneſs, is, notwithſtanding, ſometimes affected by thoſe whom nature has bleſſed with a make much more durable and robuſt. This is a ſtrange abuſe of thoſe imitative powers which were given, not for putting you in poſſeſſion of the foibles and defects, but of the virtues and perfections of others. And thoſe mothers but ill conſult their future felicity, any more than the uſefulneſs of their daughters, who do not ſtudiouſly guard their juvenile affections againſt exceſſive refinements, and ſtill more, againſt hypocriſy.

To

To a man of feeling, extreme delicacy, in the partner of his life and fortune, is an object of great and conſtant concern; but a ſemblance of ſuch delicacy, where it does really exiſt, is an inſult on his diſcernment, and muſt ultimately inſpire him with averſion and diſguſt.

Truſt me, Heaven could never have endowed you with ſo much ſenſibility, in order to make you ſullen and moroſe. This were the ſame as to ſuppoſe that the ſun was created on purpoſe to darken the univerſe. How peculiarly unbeſeeming is a proud imperious temper in a make thus exquiſitely feeble and elegant! Who would not be ſhocked to hear the ſweeteſt and fineſt voice venting the bittereſt language; to obſerve features, the moſt delicate and lovely, diſtorted with indignation; and eyes, fitted to diſcloſe and attract the deareſt feelings of the heart, ſparkle and redden with violence and rage?

These are not the weapons with which Providence arms you. Nor do you ever succeed so ill in any of your schemes, or designs, on our sex, as when these are the means. You are blessed in a degree far superior to us with all the most winning graces of humanity, and all the softest powers of persuasion. Your very forms are emblems of beauty; you have minds susceptible of the best impressions, and capable of the highest embellishments: your manners insensibly exhibit the purest gentleness and affability, and the law of kindness dwells on your lips.

Thus, whatever you are, is but a faint description of what nature meant your daughters should be. But must not something very different be the consequence of their weak and infant minds operating without any regulation, proceeding on no principle, and pointing to no end? Nothing can be more volatile and excentric than the feminine genius, or require so much attention and government.

And

And this, if not done before the affections are misplaced, the passions inflamed, the judgment misled and the heart addicted to folly or insignificance, will never after be in your power. The traveller who begins his journey in a wrong path, knows not how far he may wander, to what dangers he may be exposed, or where his deviations may terminate. In entering the tedious pilgrimage of life we run precisely the same risque that he does. Let once our subordinate propensities rise to a height, and no subsequent effort, either of ours, or those with whom we are connected, can possibly restrain them.

Speak ye who know the world, and judge for yourselves, from what you see. Are they who never felt a curb, equally feeling, and prudent, and respectable mothers and heads of families, as those who did? A single instance is no just exception to a general fact. You all know it is not. And were the most indulgent parents constant witnesses of the wretched [illegible] incon[illegible]

inconſiderate fondneſs occaſions in families, and had ſagacity and candour enough to acknowledge the cauſe, they would curſe the day that they or their daughters were born.

Allow yourſelves, therefore, my readers, to be put in mind of this very tender, but intereſting duty. It is what you owe to Heaven, to your country, to your own hearts. Controvert not the gracious deſigns of nature, by making the worſt uſe of her beſt gift.

Nor ſhould man, thro' a tenderneſs, which terminates in the deſtruction of its object, hurt that excellence, which might, otherwiſe, become the maſter-piece of the creation.

The plan of God, in every line of the female form and character, is obvious, and ſuited with wonderful grace and exactneſs to all the exigencies of ſociety. There is nothing, for example, on which the purity of morals depends ſo much, among all ranks,

ranks, as the manners of women. The more these relax, and degenerate, the more vicious and contemptible we unavoidably become.

It is with you, who have the charge of their earliest years, to make them what you please. And who can tell with what weight the malediction of posterity may fall on the memories of those, who by a lenity pitiful in itself, and baneful in its consequences, add to our many other national calamities, the extreme insignificance and profligacy of those with whom our only hopes of restoration are placed?

Is it possible you can remain insensible to the outrage, which this sort of trifling with the dearest concerns of your offspring, must do your own feelings? How can you reconcile the well-known workings of maternal affection, with a conduct so materially and manifestly injurious to your children? Is it a regard for their welfare, that induces you to let them cultivate every habit,

habit, indulge every paſſion, practice every impertinence, and catch every vulgarity, which can poſſibly hurt their minds and debaſe their manners? or is it a ſufficient apology for adopting means thus big with misfortune and miſery, that ſuch a ſyſtem of tuition is agreeable to their own inclinations?

What would become of us all, were we thus treated by the God that made us? and you cannot love your children better than He does his. Yet he corrects them often, though never but in mercy. And they ſubmit to all the diſaſters He inflicts, with a filial confidence in his fatherly concern. They learn to be candid and charitable, even by the blackeſt and falſeſt imputations, to which their very beſt deeds are liable; to be open and ſincere, from the hypocriſy that ſo perpetually perplexes and injures them; to be temperate, by the poverty they ſuffer, and patient, by the hardſhips they undergo; and, different

as

as it may ſeem from your conduct, we generally ſee thoſe ſuffer moſt, whom He loves beſt.

But, for the ſame reaſon that your method is always condemned, His is always juſtified, by the event; ſince the greateſt trials uniformly produce the greateſt worth. Did not his own Son, and our Saviour, learn obedience by what he ſuffered? But according to your way of thinking, how inexorably ſevere was it, to treat, with the moſt abſolute direliction, and heavieſt calamity, one infinitely dearer to him than all creatures, and all worlds; one who did always the things that pleaſed him; one who had no will, who knew none but his; one who loved whatever he loved, and diſliked whatever he diſliked! And dare the fondeſt parent of you all pretend more value for your child than he had for his? or will you ſuppoſe all this done without the wiſeſt intention, or think the character of Jeſus no better for what he ſuffered? or

ſay

ſay your daughters are not the worſe for being ſaved ſo efficaciouſly from thoſe kindly reſtraints, and that ſalutary ſubjection of mind, on which ſo much of their future welfare depends.

DOMESTIC ATTENTION.

IT is a matter of ſerious and deep concern to us, who addreſs you, and of infinite moment to you who hear, to enquire whether our labours be of any real ſervice, make any good impreſſion, weaken any leading vice, or ſtamp any laudable principle. Without bringing this matter home to our own hearts and conſciences reſpectively, we may toil, and you attend for ever, to very little purpoſe.

You muſt all admit, that the well-known importance of the female character to every poliſhed ſtate of ſociety, gives it an obvious and immediate claim on all our diligence and ſolicitude. Directions or aſſiſtance, in the education of your daughters is, conſequently, one of the beſt and kindeſt offices we can do you.

At

At the ſame time, it is a ſubject, we are ſenſible, but little adapted to pleaſe thoſe who think themſelves above advice, and on whoſe minds and lives no advice has ſo little influence as that which has the improvement of the heart for its object. It is a ſubject, which all who treat their deareſt offspring with crueleſt indulgence, cannot but hear and recollect with a mixture of reluctance and pain. It is a ſubject, which thoſe eſpecially, who fancy virtue to be ſomething extremely inconſiſtent with the daily occurrences of common life, very ſagely conclude to be wholly out of our ſphere. It is a ſubject, which notwithſtanding, ſtrikes me as one of the moſt laſting, intereſting, and of univerſal conſequence.

All virtues, all vices, and all characters, are intimately connected with the manners, principles, and diſpoſitions of our women. We are literally as much theirs by culture as by birth. They are the firſt to receive us from the hands of our Maker, and their

hearts,

hearts, from the moment we are born, are totally abſorbed in our welfare. On them our tendereſt cares devolve, and it is not uncommon to incorporate their vices and diſeaſes with the careſſes we ſhare, and the nouriſhment they give. From them we have all our firſt, livelieſt, and moſt operative impreſſions; and the man who regards them without reſpect is a monſter. It is hard to ſay how much the feelings and conceptions of our minds, as well as the organization of our bodies, may be affected through them. Our conſtitutions are peculiarly faſhioned by theirs. It is rare, at leaſt, that a very ſickly mother produces an healthy child.

In ſhort, with women, the education of all the world begins, and in education all depends on a proper beginning. Our manners, our taſtes, our pleaſures, whatever contributes to make our lives joyous and happy, originates with them. So that, to ſecure the morality of after-ages, and render poſterity ſuperior to us in every thing

great

great and praiſe worthy, we ſhould bend all our talents and attention to the formation, purity, and perfection of the female mind.

The power of habit has been long acknowledged, and is but little underſtood. It may well aggravate, but never can extenuate the demerit of vice. Blameable as parents are, in not correcting the foibles of their children, theſe foibles are not the leſs criminal when matured into faults. We are individually endowed with reaſon and conſcience, that we may judge for ourſelves, and act by our own wills, and this is the firſt and moſt natural uſe we can ever make of theſe powers.

It is ſhameful to have no principles of our own, to be enſlaved by the opinions of others, to overlook, even trifles, the everlaſting diſtinction between right and wrong, or to indulge ourſelves in thinking, or feeling, or doing that, which we know improper. Bad habits, to be ſure, are extremely obſtinate; and thoſe by whom young minds imbibe

imbibe them, are guilty in proportion to the degree of miſery they are calculated to produce, and the very few chances they allow of amendment. But all virtue ſuppoſes, on our part, the moſt unremitted exertion, and age is never ſo properly ſpent as in atoning for the irregularities of youth.

Were it not for theſe, and the various temptations that furround us, the reduction of pride, and moderation of paſſion, and all duties of humility and ſelf-denial, were unneceſſary. Bleſſed and fortunate are thoſe daughters, who owe to a worthy and regular education the ſweeteſt diſpoſitions, and the pureſt minds; but how much more reſpectable and meritorious are they, whoſe virtues are ſolely their own acquiſition!

You may often ſee girls at a certain age, become all at once thoughtful, grave, and reſerved. And this perhaps, is one of the moſt critical periods in the progreſs of female improvement. Ideas are then conceived, ſentiments felt; and opinions form-

ed, that may ruin them for life. It is now, eſpecially, that the beggarly and abject propenſities of indolence and ſloth ſtruggle for the maſtery. And theſe, of all others, becauſe moſt inveterate, are moſt to be dreaded. The infinite ſwarm of fancies, chimeras and imaginary evils they propagate and mature, are the greateſt, the moſt laſting, unconquerable enemies of female quiet.

The intervals of domeſtic attention will always be numerous and unavoidable: and by what other means than an active diſpoſition are theſe to be laudably employed, and turned to permanent advantage? it is wonderful, for want of this, to what a world of inſignificance the lives of multitudes are devoted. What is it, in which we do not rather engage, than ſubmit to be the victims of a liſtleſſneſs more intolerable than pain itſelf? yet, in this ſituation, horrid as it is, it terminates; and frivolity, ſcandal or gaming, are its certain conſequences. But tell me, ye who know, and are judges of character,

racter, what truth or candour, or honesty, or simplicity of heart, can be expected in the neighbourhood of such habits? yet these are habits, which, under a variety of disguises, every where prevail.

But there are not wanting, persons who vindicated pursuits like these, on the most worthless principle — that they know not how otherwise to occupy, or get rid of those hours, which hang so heavily on their hands. Have they then no duties to perform, no business to attend, no object to pursue, nothing to do, but to loiter and doze away, in the most contemptible insipidity, the inestimable blessings of time and life; as if they were made rather to breathe and rot, than live and labour? or since they must not be unemployed, as if the worst things were more suited to their tastes and inclinations than the best; or, as if happiness consisted in indolence and disease, rather than activity and health.

As, therefore, you value the future welfare of your daughters, in body, mind and eſtate, keep them always active and employed. Nature, indeed, ſeems to have meant them for the ſtill ſcenes of retirement: but ſedentary habits, in the extreme, are fatal to thouſands of them. They inevitably debilitate all the powers of action, produce a moping, melancholy, and romantic temper, foſter diſpoſitions of the moſt inſufferable ſluttiſhneſs, petrify the heart with ignorance and inſenſibility, and are a ſource of more female complaints and inquietudes than almoſt all other cauſes put together.

Reſt is the natural prerogative of age, motion the duty of youth. Buſineſs, well directed, is an antidote to almoſt every evil; while idleneſs may be conſidered as the prolific patent of all the improprieties, elopements, of crimes, which blacken the annals of the female world.

Think not, however, you acquit yourſelves ſufficiently on this head, by ſtimulating

ing

ing your daughters to the vulgar employments of their ſex, or that their habits of induſtry can be much improved by loitering in thoſe ſeminaries of vice and inſignificance, where they acquire nothing but the foibles, inſipidities, and delirium of their betters. Theſe are by no means the capital concerns of female life, and for that reaſon are improperly made the firſt or leading objects in female education. A very ſhort time may render the dulleſt of them abundantly expert in whatever they need of this ſort. And where is the utility of cultivating, with ſo much aſſiduity and labour, habits or arts not eſſential to happineſs?

At a certain time of life there is but little reaſon to guard them againſt inactivity. Nature, invariably attentive to her own intereſt, ſeldom ſuffers thoſe ſprings, on which ſo much of her well-being depends, to continue long unexerted. Your only buſineſs, then, is properly to time and point their movements; and the more of plan and preciſion you give them, the better. Never

allow your daughters, unleſs you would have them diſtinguiſhed for every contemptible quality, to be capricious in their preferences, or deſultory in their method of purſuing them, volatile in the humours and paſſions they diſcover, or dilatory in accompliſhing any of their ſchemes, inaccurate in their deſigns, or careleſs in the execution. Suffer them not to be buſy without an object, to work without contrivance, or act, or ſpeak, or even trifle without principle. Family affairs are by far the moſt proper objects to engroſs their minds, or occupy their talents. This is their natural province. Here they are made to ſhine and preſide: and he is a fooliſh or worthleſs huſband, who ſhews the leaſt inclination to juſtle them out of their ſphere. But how pitiful is the wife, who, by ignorance or inattention, an obſtinate ſtupidity, or a flatternly temper, renders even this abſolutely indiſpenſable!

You can never make them good houſewives, without attaching them early to the houſe.

houſe. Make home agreeable to them, and they will never wiſh to leave it. The great ſecret of working effectually on their tender natures, is to keep them in perpetual cheerfulneſs and good-humour. Impoſe no taſks, but by way of conferring an obligation. Be peremptory in all, but uſe an air of forbidding authority in none of your requiſitions. Where you cannot lead, it would be madneſs to think of driving them. It is not the reputedly rigid and ſevere, but your over indulgent parents, who ſtrike and teaze their children moſt, and who by that means incur, in their turn, their greateſt negligence, diſlike, and diſreſpect. For the vulgar intemperate fondneſs of mothers, like the impertinent familiarity of friends, invariably breeds contempt. Deprive your daughters of no harmleſs enjoyment in your preſence, which they can have out of it. They will think with pleaſure of being old, when they ſee you ſo unwilling to forget you once were young.

Thus comfortable at home, few allurements can tempt them abroad.

And it will be much for your credit, as well as happy for them, that they are always more diſpoſed to entertain than to viſit. Hoſpitality is one of the ſweeteſt, moſt amiable, and moſt captivating, of all the domeſtic virtues. Nothing can be more graceful and becoming in the young and the beautiful, than all thoſe pleaſing cares and attentions which originate in a generous ſolicitude to oblige. Where theſe are wanting, ſelfiſhneſs, reſerve, or haughtineſs, or ſome dull, dirty, or teſty pecularity, which ſuſpects inſincerity in every profeſſion, hypocriſy in every character, and deceit under every poſſible appearance, uſually predominates. Though it happens not a little fortunately to the prudiſh dupes of this narrow-hearted principle, that, while they make others keep their diſtance, they afford them ſome ſatisfaction in their turn, by being obliged by ſyſtem to keep their own.

The

The beſt way, therefore, to give your children a ſuperior and oppoſite turn of mind, to make them eaſy and affable, frank and condeſcending, generous, hoſpitable and open-hearted, is to rivet their young and ardent attention wholly on domeſtic concerns. Initiate them thoroughly in this ſcience, repleniſh their little hearts with theſe virtues, and no accident or calamity can henceforth tarniſh their health, their beauty, or their worth. Leave them ignorant of nothing, which can in the leaſt degree adminiſter to the convenience or comfort of thoſe whoſe happineſs may hereafter depend upon their care. The habits thus acquired under your inſpection, will never forſake them. And when fortune, friends, and youth, with every other temporary and exterior excellence, are all no more, this, like that heaven which beſtows it, will be a pleaſure to themſelves, and a bleſſing to all around them.

Should it even be their lot to be ſervants, they will then accommodate themſelves, to

the will of ſuch as employ them, with fidelity and aſſiduity. In wedlock, then, prudence and delicacy may probably preſerve the hearts of their huſbands; their œconomy muſt certainly prove an inviolable ſecurity of their property. Such as this woman may your daughter become!

The inſignificance of a fribble, ſhould ſhe be curſed with one, may pique her pride, and his contumely inſult her merit, but ſhe has ſenſe enough to conceal her contempt for the one, and meakneſs enough to bear the injuries of the other. Her ſervants, if ſhe has any, regard her with confidence, becauſe ſhe treats them with humanity. Her children poſſeſs her kindneſs, and return it. She loves them without weakneſs, and corrects them without anger. Her fondneſs for what ſhe wiſhes them to be, blinds her not to what they are. How endearing and delightful all her domeſtic attentions! What makes her ſuch a comfort to her family and friends? She is never ſo happy, never ſo much in her element,

as in doing ſome kind, obliging, or good-natured action to one or other of them. Wherever there is an aching head, or an aching heart, you ſhall always find her buſy, like ſome heavenly or benignant ſpirit, adminiſtring relief, and her inexpreſſible tenderneſs, in moſt caſes, is a more univerſal catholicon than all the noſtrums, which fear, phyſic, and folly, have hitherto impoſed on the world. Solicitous for the welfare of all, all have a grateful ſenſe of her goodneſs. The order which reigns in her houſe, is but a picture of her own beautiful and harmonious mind. Few accidents take her unprepared, interrupt her arrangements, or affect her equanimity. She ſees and alleviates every diſtreſs, removes every inconvenience, rectifies every miſtake, and reconciles every difference. Ye libertines, who have no intereſt in ſuch a treaſure, what are all your lawleſs dear-bought enjoyments, compared with thoſe which a man of ſenſibility and principle receives from the tenderneſs and affections of a

wife

wife like this! Who would not wiſh to be united to ſuch perfection? What huſband would not triumph in an acquiſition ſo ineſtimable! What daughter would not regard her maternal accompliſhments with a mixture of emulation and gratitude!

DILIGENCE

DILIGENCE AND ACTIVITY.

WE have ſeldom much credit from mere plodding or laborious littleneſs, which at beſt is but a deſpicable ſpecies of mimickry.

Merit is the reſult only of ſuch a conduct as is voluntary and ſelf-deſigned. So that to reach any laudable degree of virtue, we muſt, by the free and independent exerciſe of our own judgments, attend to the nature, connections, and energies of things, and at once ſettle and execute what appears to us the moſt eligible plan of action. They whoſe minds have no concern in any thing they do, are but ſlaves of habits they never formed, and of paſſions they never felt; the awkward puppets of cuſtom, or popular prejudice. No excellence was ever acquired by a paltry ſubjection to vulgar or faſhionable maxims and modes.

It

It is the abject dread of ſingularity which keeps all little minds ſo perpetually ſtarch and inſignificant. They dare not diſſent from the general manners of the world, however contemptible or flagitious. They have neither underſtanding to diſcern, nor hearts to feel, that the leading policy of all vice is to render every rival virtue unfaſhionable.

And with an ignorant and profligate majority on her ſide, ſhe has it not only in her power to carry the worſt meaſures, but to fix an indelible ſtigma on the beſt.

Thus nothing can be expected from female education, while it continues ſo much matter of mere form, as it is but dullneſs, inſipidity, or worthleſſneſs; yet they who have it for their expreſs buſineſs to expoſe, and cenſure, and correct every moral impropriety, are ſtill moſt unaccountably ſhy in meddling with this. And now, from the indifference of ſome, the timidity of others, and the falſe delicacy

of

of many, the ſubject is become ſo ſtrange, not to ſay uncommon, or new, that there is no beating it profeſſedly, without an appearance of affectation. It has hitherto been rejected, for the very reaſon that ought to have determined the choice of it; and it is with it, as with moſt other things, the leſs reliſhed that it is ſo neceſſary.

Infancy, we all know, is the only period which unites levity with innocence, enlivens the fancy with the full conſent of the judgment, and ſwells the heart without any danger of remorſe. It is then, chiefly, that every particle of the ſyſtem is alive, and nature by inceſſantly prompting to action, points out the means of moſt effectually ſecuring her progreſs and perfection.

All young minds are characteriſtically impetuous, unawed by dangers, which they never encountered, and in every circumſtance and purſuit full of ſpirit and enterprize. It is by this generous and commanding

manding principle, that all the members of the body acquire ſtrength and readineſs in the habitual diſcharge of their reſpective offices; that the various faculties of the mind open and improve, that hope is inſpired and preſerved; and that every latent ſpring of activity becomes elaſtic and operative.

Whatever therefore, tends, however remotely, to impede or mark this harmonious movement, is a violation of nature, and deſtructive of her original eſtabliſhment and deſign. Every part of the human frame is fabricated with the moſt admirable wiſdom, and directed to the moſt manifeſt utility. And nothing can poſſibly interfere with ſuch an exquiſite arrangement, which is not hoſtile to the benevolent intention of its Maker.

Idleneſs has been univerſally reprobated by all the world. It is a maxim in the Chineſe government,* "That if there be "a man

* Blackſtone.

"a man who does not work or a woman "who is idle, in the empire, ſome in-"dividual muſt ſuffer cold or hunger."

The Athenians puniſhed idleneſs by law, and impowered their magiſtrates to examine in what manner the people ſingly ſpent their time, as well in private as in public; not only that none might live by unworthy occupations, but chiefly that all might continue in conſtant employment.

Though youth be an age of giddineſs and diſſipation, it is now that the tender attention is moſt capable of a proper direction, and whatever women are to do or become, depends in a great meaſure on the feelings then indulged, and the diſpoſitions then acquired.

How many are the ways, on their firſt ſetting out, of hurting their weak frames, and furniſhing them with a ſtock of ill health; and blaſting, without intending it, all their ſubſequent utility and comfort!

Of

Of theſe, perhaps, none is more fatal, or calculated to have a more univerſal and immediate effect, than that ſort of indulgence and pampering, that encourages ſloth, and checks activity. For this is always the natural conſequence of eating, or ſleeping, or reſting too much. That child is by no means in a good ſtate, either of body or mind, who diſcovers a frequent inclination to loiter. It is a more alarming ſymptom, perhaps, than any other. It indicates a complication of the moſt dreadful diſorders, and, as ſoon as obſerved, merits a ready and deciſive remedy. Suppreſs not, I conjure you, any of thoſe tender and amiable feelings; which, for the wiſeſt purpoſes, mark eſpecially the natural character. No monſter can be more perfectly and univerſally ſhocking, than either father and mother wholly without them. The human heart is every where happily and wonderfully touched by the minuteſt movements of infancy. Helpleſs innocence is one of the tendereſt and moſt generally intereſting conceptions we form. No good

mind

mind was ever long indifferent to the harmleſs inſinuating prattle of children. Indifference to them, indicates a criminal inſenſibility to the firſt and deareſt regards of nature, and is an infallible mark of ſtupidity or depravity. From this imputation, however, it is but juſtice to acknowledge your ſex to be much freer than ours. But from either, there is ſome danger in too much ſecurity, as well as too much indulgence; though of two great evils, the laſt is moſt to be avoided; ſince the child hardly brought up, ſo generally turns out a better member of ſociety, than one ſpoiled by an exceſs of tenderneſs.

In this particular, perhaps, the peaſant and the philoſopher are equally diſpoſed to continue the dupes of their feelings. You can never correct that fondneſs for your children too frequently and effectually which blinds you to their faults, and pampers their appetites, humours their inclinations, trifles with their taſtes and attachments, gives a looſe to their paſſions, or

rivets

rivets their habits of ſelf-love and confidence. While theſe minutiæ are not obſerved and checked with ſteadineſs, they keep the whole family in perpetual uneaſineſs. Their humours become capricious and unmanageable in proportion as conſulted and indulged. Peeviſhneſs and petulance are the natural conſequences of inceſſant fondneſs. Their expectations enlarge, and their demands increaſe, by your eagerneſs and diſpatch to gratify them; the more you oblige, the leſs will they ſeem obliged. They are then not governed by you, but you by them; and all your pleaſures or enjoyments muſt unavoidably be ſubſervient to theirs. The law is not what you, but what they, would have it to be. This ſhews how much you think them the only judges of what is beſt for them. You to whom they owe ſo much, are therefore generally treated moſt diſreſpectfully. Nor is it too much, but too little, correction which makes them ſo very undutiful as they often are. Univerſal and unremitted attention, ſwells them with ſuch flattering ideas of their own importance,

importance, as they ſeldom or never forget. In caſes where they ought not once to heſitate, why bribe and coax them, to make them imagine they confer a favour, while they only do their duty. How can they have any ſenſe of obedience, while under no ſort of reſtraint, or yield to any while all ſeem ſolicitous to yield to them? This pernicious and abſurd conduct, you adopt for no other purpoſe, but to ſoothe and gratify your own habits and feelings, at the cruel and laſting expenſe of theirs. They begin much earlier than you imagine to make obſervations, and ought for that reaſon to be made acquainted as ſoon as poſſible with the utmoſt value of every indulgence. Little, however, do they, thoughtleſs innocents! reflect, that whatever moſt pleaſes now, may be ultimately of the moſt forbidding and pernicious quality; that the wants thus ſoon and ſeduloufly cheriſhed, may become a diſeaſe as infectious and incurable as the plague; and that to the vain and viſionary impreſſions thus early and deeply imprinted on their tender minds, they may poſſibly

poſſibly owe the moſt teazing and inveterate inquietudes of life.

Soundneſs of body and mind is often ſacrificed in this manner to a falſe, capricious and contemptible tenderneſs. Indolence is one of the plagues, by which vice conquers, and death depopulates the world. It operates like thoſe poiſons, which are agreeable to the palate, at the ſame time that they lacerate the vitals. It deſtroys the appetite, or creates a falſe one; and by lulling one part of the ſyſtem always to reſt, keeps the other always uneaſy. So that food ceaſes to nouriſh, ſleep to refreſh, or any of the ſenſes to enjoy undiſturbed, its proper object.

Then the humours grow thick, and ſtagnate for want of motion to warm and dilate them; the muſcles ſtiffen, becauſe deprived of their neceſſary moiſture; obſtructions take place, which produce weakneſs and irregularity in every animal function; the general circulation is impeded, and nature, no longer able to diſcharge the morbid matter,

matter, which conſtantly accumulates from all her imperfect operations, gradually ſickens and expires.

By ſome ſuch progreſs, more than any family taint, moſt chronic and incurable diſeaſes are encouraged. And the human conſtitution is uniformly ſuſceptible of thoſe injuries, in proportion to its delicacy. But they are eaſily ſeen and traced by the leaſt diſcerning, as they happen every day, in every place, and under every eye. And there is not a mother among a thouſand, who has it not in her power to prevent them, by ſuch an attention to the manners and propenſities of her daughters, as may ſecond the ſalutary exertions of nature, and ſupport the vigour of life.

It were impoſſible, however neceſſary, to enumerate all the bad conſequences of a ſlothful temper. Nature has nothing to encounter ſo perfectly oppoſite to all her purpoſes, and deſtructive of all her principles. Lazineſs in our ſex is obvious to all, and cenſured by all; and, from

the

the peculiar infamy it occaſions, not in every caſe incurable, that yours often lurks under the moſt ſpecious ſemblances, and, when known, excites a reprehenſion too tender to be of much uſe. And you have little chance of amendment in theſe things, which, inſtead of being reprobated as faults, are only pitied as misfortunes.

Few men, however, will be fond of truſting their property, or families, or deareſt concerns, with her, whom they know to be thriftleſs. And you, who wiſh your daughters eligibly ſettled in life, would do well to begin by making ſure of the moſt eſſential preliminary. For to a man of ſterling ſenſe and diſcernment, who marries ſolely to be happy, and enjoy, unmoleſted, all the luxuries of domeſtic retirement, a frugal diſpoſition, attended with activity and diligence, will afford much more ſolid and ſubſtantial content, than a large fortune.

Though all other things were out of the queſtion, their virtue and innocence are never

never to be forgotten; and this, of all the means in the world ſeems moſt likely to ſecure it. The progreſs is eaſy and natural. A ſlothful perſon is always dirty, and frequently worthleſs. It is from want of care in ourſelves, or others, that our perſons are dirty, or our minds deformed by vice. And who can expect that ſhe, who deigns not to keep herſelf clean, will be at the trouble to make herſelf good? Surely the one requires infinitely more attention, and vigilance, and circumſpection, than the other. And the ſlattern, who is conſtantly praiſing her purity of mind, as an apology for a habit not ſo eaſily hid, may affect to have as many virtues as ſhe pleaſes, but we all know there is one vice to which ſhe is under no ſort of temptation.

Active habits ſhould not only be early formed, but properly directed; curioſity the great maſter-ſpring of all knowledge and improvement, is never ſo thoroughly awake as in the lively and ſtrong; but that which regards the conduct and miſcarriage of others, is worſe than none, as it

is the low born humour only of little venomous minds, who, like waſps always hang about the ſweeteſt flowers, and faſten their ſtings in the tendereſt ſtems. Whenever this happens, by ſome ſtrange miſmanagement, to be the ruling paſſion of a girl, it is obvious what ſort of a woman ſhe muſt inevitably become. Envy eſpecially at this time of life, contracts the underſtanding, as well as the heart, and precludes for ever every liberal feeling and idea.

Why is the ſex ſo frequently charged with habits of detraction, as if ſlander had no other emiſſaries? Few mothers are at ſufficient pains to check the beginning of it in their daughters, who are generally very free in making, and as free in communicating their remarks. But it is literally true in their caſe, whatever it may be in that of others, that if calumny had no ear, it would ſoon loſe its tongue. For to liſten to their little miſchievous tales, which are generally a ſhocking medley of truth and falſhood, in but a ſingle inſtance, is to encourage them in a trade; from which they

they can never derive any thing but abhorrence and contempt. Why not, then, enjoin them, while yet your injunctions have any weight, never to utter a ſyllable in your hearing, but in praiſe of ſomething laudable? What title have they to pronounce on the merit or demerit of actions, who are by no means competent judges either of what they hear or ſee.

It is the more neceſſary to mention this particular, that you generally find it connected with the moſt invincible vices and follies. Ignorance and malignity are the hideous parents of calumny and ſarcaſm; and ſtupidity and ſpleen, the moſt wanton impertinence, and unmeaning ill-nature, the hereditary diſeaſes of this monſtrous breed. Great natural parts are often buried under the groſſeſt vulgarity, and the ſtrongeſt minds, on ſome occaſions, exhibit peculiar depravity. But where knowledge and virtue are happily united, it is rare to meet with any thing really illiberal. Indeed all prejudice and ſecret cenſure reſult from want of thinking.

Whatever belongs to character, is connected with ſuch a complication of circumſtances, that there is no ſeeing it thoroughly, or examining it fairly, without the keeneſt, cleareſt, ſteadieſt and moſt delicate diſcernment. And no worthy, well-informed, or humane woman can ſtoop to buſy herſelf in ſuch paltry and vile enquiries, as have no other tendency than to add to the infamy of the worthleſs, or hurt the credit of the abſent.

Then, as you prefer the moſt ſolid and agreeable, to peeviſh, inquiſitive and cenſorious tempers, keep your young and delicate charge perpetually engaged in ſome laudable and important purſuit. Give her no time, opportunity, encouragement or example, to meddle with ought in which ſhe has no concern, unleſs you wiſh to render her negligent of that in which ſhe has the greateſt.

How infinitely more amiable and becoming is it in thoſe whom Heaven has deſtined to be the ornaments and ſweeteners of human

human life, to forgive than condemn, to protect than inſult to ſoothe than to ſlander! Permit your daughters to tell you and one another, all that can be of ſervice, but nothing that cannot; nor ſuffer them, on any pretence, to circulate tales to the diſadvantage of others, which, for ought you know, may be falſe; to credit reports founded in malignity; to open their doors to tale-bearers, or their ears to officious whiſperers. Above all caution them ſtrictly againſt letting what they hear by accident, tranſpire by deſign. Tell them how ſweet and laudable ſentiments of pity and commiſeration are, when ſuitably and ſeaſonably expreſſed; and how harſh, diſcordant and ſhocking, thoſe of indifference or anger, or abloquy, to a timid or an aching heart.

Do you not all deſire your daughters to be as eaſy and comfortable as life can make them? Now think on the happieſt perſons you know. Inſpect their manners and feelings with all the minuteneſs and accuracy in your power. Leave not one

circumſtance in their lives, or ſentiment of their hearts unexplored. And you will then find they have leaſt trouble in their own minds, who give leaſt to others, to whom time is leaſt tedious and irkſome, on whom the common objects of vulgar attention have leaſt influence, and by whom the duties of life are leaſt neglected.

So many and important are the obligations we have to diſcharge, that they are culpable, who can catch themſelves unoccupied but for a moment, without confuſion. In truth, no indolent perſon ever was, or could bear to ſee others happy. On the contrary, thoſe who are virtuouſly employed, are always contented and cheerful. Their minds are ſolely engroſſed by their own affairs. They have no time to pry into the ſecrets, or to perplex the concerns of their neighbours.

It is exerciſe that ſoftens all their cares, leſſens all their troubles, and heightens all their enjoyments. This is the true philoſophers ſtone, which extracts ſweet out

of bitter, and gold out of droſs; and operating on the heart like a charm, turns labour into reſt, ſickneſs into health, pain into pleaſure, and ſorrow into joy. Were it not for this, their palates could not reliſh ſo keenly, nor their appetites return ſo regularly; or they would not ſleep ſoundly, or be ſo healthy, or in any reſpect ſo uſeful, and patient, and pleaſed in every ſituation, and with every thing, as they are. But life affords them an object, for which they think it worth while to live. And their emblem is that of a clear and lively ſtream, which never ſtagnates, but however intercepted, perſeveres in the ſame direction, and ſtill keeps running, till loſt in the ocean.

Employment, thus properly ſelected, will divert the attention of your daughters from a multitude of thoughts, which, however pernicious, early obtrude themſelves. Without all the nameleſs delicacies and graces of modeſty, your ſex were inſipid and worthleſs; but theſe are the ſalutary effects of an open and lively, not of a cloſe and moping temper. There never was a

girl addicted to ſoft and ſolitary habits, who did not either become the dupe of romantic deluſion, or an eaſy prey to ſeduction. And idleneſs is an evil, from which I would guard my daughter as I would from the peſtilence, or any other deadly infection.

Remember, however, a prudent mother will render work of all kinds rather a pleaſure than a burthen. Nor create, in the tender minds of her daughters, an averſion to that which is ſo indiſpenſable to their happineſs. Never teaze, where you can accompliſh your end by ſoothing; nor affect to command, where it is neceſſary only to adviſe; but ſuffer not them, in any thing, to aſſume the ſuperiority; otherwiſe all is ruined. Yield but in the leaſt particular, and they will inſiſt on the ſame compliance in the greateſt. Let your authority be leaſt obvious, wherever their exertions are moſt indiſpenſible. Their diligence will relax the moment they perceive you ſet them a taſk. There is no managing them without reſtraint, but it cannot be

impoſed with too much judgment and delicacy. Bind them to your purpoſes by every poſſible expedient, but your influence will be rather a curſe than a bleſſing, unleſs you can make them in love with their duty. They ſhould have no will but your's. And the great ſecret of uſing it with diſcretion is, to make them obey from choice, not from compulſion.

OECONOMY.

PRISONS, of all other places, exhibit a group of objects the moſt affecting to a good heart. There a variety of innocent and reſpectable characters may be daily ſeen, languiſhing under all the rigour of confinement, and all the wretchedneſs of penury.

My ſituation, ſome time ago, gave me frequent opportunities, in company with a few companions, of viſiting and contemplating this moſt melancholy ſcene. Among all we then ſaw, none of them engaged our attention ſo deeply, as a priſoner, of an aſpect and manner ſingularly characteriſtic. He was nearly a ſkeleton, and looked the very picture of ſadneſs and want. Yet, in all this diſtreſsful extremity, nothing about him had an appearance of meanneſs. Indeed the notice he always

always took of us, his concern for his fellow-ſufferers, and every other part of his conduct, diſcovered uncommon manlineſs and ſimplicity. It was remarkable, yet, while his companions in miſery kept teazing every one for money, he never did. This diſpoſed us to exert ourſelves, and make up a little ſum for him. When we begged his acceptance of it, we ſignified, at the ſame time a deſire of hearing how he had been reduced.

"My ſtory, ſaid he, is but ſhort, and has "nothing in it that is very extraordinary. I "was the only ſon, and conſequently the "ſole heir, of rich and reſpectable parents, "who gave me a liberal education, and left "me in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune. "I married the daughter of a reputable "citizen, who, from his mode of life, "was thought very wealthy. His family, "who knew nothing of his affairs, were "accuſtomed to live in the greateſt ſplen-"dour. My wife had a thouſand amiable "qualities. There are few genteel accom-"pliſhments in which ſhe did not excel.

"Her

"Her ſweetneſs of temper endeared her
"to all who knew her. Her vivacity never
"forſook her, and was always pleaſing.
"No heart was ever more tender, more
"generous, or more uniformly alive to
"all the delicacies of conjugal affection,
"than her's. Yet, what with the extreme
"ſenſibility of her nature, the ſuperfluity
"in which ſhe was bred, and her peculiar
"fondneſs for every ſpecies of faſhionable
"gaiety and diſſipation, her habit of ſquan-
"dering was unconquerable and unbound-
"ed. She always had what money ſhe
"wanted, and ſpent it as ſhe pleaſed;
"for my heart never permitted me to lay
"her under the leaſt reſtraint. Her ex-
"travagance, however romantic and diſ-
"treſſing aroſe from principles originally
"good, but ill directed. Nor could I
"retrench her expence; without occa-
"ſioning ſuch a ſhock, as might have
"injured her health. The moment I was
"involved, I ſtretched every point to keep
"it from her knowledge. I had ſtill great
"expectations from her father, in whoſe
"hands the whole reſidue of my property

"was

"was now lodged. My ſituation ſoon be-
"came too critical to be much longer con-
"cealed. But, in one fatal day, he failed,
"and I was at once arreſted, and ſtript
"of every thing. My poor wife never
"left me, and never recovered the illneſs
"occaſioned by our misfortune. Often
"did theſe walls, and theſe wretches, wit-
"neſs her lamentations. At laſt ſhe grew
"quite frantic, and expired in my arms,
"muttering, with her laſt breath, curſes
"on a conduct that had ruined me."

This anecdote is meant as an introduction to ſome further advice on the education of daughters, and that OECONOMY, which it points out, is, in fact, one of the beſt, and moſt neceſſary leſſons you can teach them. With a little ſeaſonable care and attention, what a world of misfortune and miſery might often be avoided! for the giddineſs ſo frequently and haſtily cenſured in the ſex, is not a natural, but adventitious quality; not an original defect in the frame of their minds, but the obvi-

ous

ous conſequence of an unprincipled education.

What can be more amiable and exemplary, in the miſtreſs of a family, than to ſee her wiſely and readily ſupplying all the wants of thoſe who depend on her aſſiſtance; diſcharging, with ſteadineſs and equity, her ſeveral domeſtic claims; diffuſing, by every word ſhe ſpeaks, and every thing ſhe does, a ſpirit of moderation and decency in all around her; and through all her conduct, and on all occaſions, giving practical lectures, and affording proofs of frugality, without parſimony; and generoſity, without extravagance?

Such a perſon knows how to hit the happy medium between meanneſs and oſtentation, plenty and ſuperfluity, delicacy and refinement, liberality and exceſs. This beautiful and well-corrected temper of mind, is her beſt ornament at home or abroad. It affects her whole arrangement, and regulates the minuteſt of her actions. She is not tawdry within, nor the ape of folly

and

and finery when ſhe goes out. The diſpoſition of her furniture, whether ſuperb or ordinary, is happy and commodious. She ſuffers nothing to be laid or continue out of its place. Her conduct is the reſult of thought, not of levity. She does nothing at random; her very pleaſures are ſelected with taſte, and indulged on principle; and all her words are few, and well ordered.

But let me beſeech my fair readers to remember this valuable and accurate diſpoſition is not produced from chance. You may as well expect wealth without toil, health without care, or life without ſuſtenance, as frugal women of undiſciplined daughters. There is what may called an entering into the ſpirit of every action, without which it never can be done well. We muſt be thoroughly in earneſt, before we can do any thing but trifle. What acquiſition in trade or ſcience, does not ſuppoſe a certain degree of diligence and application? Virtue of all kinds ſeems the only thing in the world we think either

of

of acquiring without induſtry, or keeping without practice. Thus, under the ſteady influence of intereſt, what perſon does not act with ſpirit, or is not on his guard againſt impoſition, or will not exert every nerve in ſupport of his credit, or indulge the negligence of others, to his own injury? Inſpect the whole complicated buſtle of life, and ſay, by the energy of this ſingle principle, what difficulties are not overcome, what perils are not encountered, what projects are not accompliſhed.

Is it not then moſt unaccountable; that every thing ſhould be ſo eagerly proſecuted, but that alone on which ſo much happineſs, and ſo many bleſſings depend? It is not uſual for men of the world to miſunderſtand the branch of buſineſs they practiſe, nor poſſible for them to proſper, and yet neglect it. And do you expect your daughters to poſſeſs any degree of taſte and exactneſs, while you ſuffer them, on all occaſions, to ſport with truth? To be juſt and collected in all their arrangements, cannot diſtinguiſh thoſe, whoſe giddineſs and caprice you ne-

ver

ver check. To ſhew the leaſt veſtige of method or plan in their actions, cannot characteriſe thoſe who ſee none in your's.

One leading feature of reaſonable beings is, a ſenſe of order; and this is a quality which peculiarly marks the female temper. Women ſhew, by their very make and manners, how much more finely their minds are faſhioned and their feeling turned than ours:

Heav'n when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
It's laſt, beſt work, but forms a ſofter man.

Our paſſions are by no means ſo delicate, our ſenſibilities ſo exquiſite, our ideas of beauty and deformity, of reality and fiction, of right and wrong, ſo lively and acute, as theirs.

Nature ſeems to have endowed them with a general predilection for proportion in forms, delicacy in colours, harmony in ſound, and elegance in motion. Their Diſcernment of whatever pleaſes or diſguſts their eyes, or ears or feelings, is therefore peculiarly keen and ſenſible.

It

It is becauſe proper uſe has not been made of this great maſter-ſpring in the female make, to influence their judgments, that women are univerſally fond of whatever is ſhaſhy and glaring much more affected by our dreſs and manners than we are by theirs and perpetually the dupes of flattery and detraction; that the maxims of faſhion, however temporary and prepoſterous, are adopted by moſt of them uniformly and implicitly; that their purſuits in general are trivial viſionary, and capricious; that their homage to the meaneſt ſhadows is every where ſerious and profound, and that apes, fops, and ſycophants, with the whole tribe of coxcombs, have more of their good graces, perhaps poſſeſs more of their hearts, and always more of their company, than men of ſenſe and virtue.

You, then, who would uſe well and wiſely, the materials with which nature furniſhes you for educating your daughters, ſhould conſtantly conduct yourſelf towards them on principles of the ſtricteſt exactneſs and veracity. In no inſtance ſuffer them to

promiſe

promiſe one thing, and do another; to commit the ſame fault twice; to break their promiſe, however capriciouſly made; to diſpute, in any caſe or on any pretence, your commands, as if you were not always in earneſt; to think it poſſible you may be miſtaken in what you tell them, or in what you bid them do; to heſitate whether to obey or not, or to need the leaſt repetition of the ſame orders.

A diſcipline thus uniformly pure and decided, may give you an air of ſingularity and rigidneſs, and expoſe you to a thouſand exploſions of vulgar obloquy; but you will ſoon find the ſalutary conſequences of it on all around you. No Conduct but this can either ſecure you ſufficient convenience in your own houſe or due attention in that of others. You will then know what is going forward when abroad, and what you have to expect on coming home. Your Servants dare no more heſitate in executing your orders, act beyond their ſphere, or fill it improperly; and your daughters thus habitually governed by maxims of inflexible truth,

truth, muſt be punctual and methodical while they live.

What are many families, for want of this great regulator, but machines out of order; but inſtruments out of tune; but an abſolute chaos of confuſion and diſcordance? The life of the ſocial, as well as that of the natural body, depends on the harmony and union of its members. And the end cannot be expected, where the means are impracticable. What confidence can reſult from an intercourſe ſo intimate, and yet ſo equivocal; or how can their connection be proſperous, and creditable, who ſeldom or never act honourably by one another? Who knows not that the fineſt armies are ruined the moment their diſcipline relaxes, and that the wiſeſt governments ſurvive not long an expenditure of principle or œconomy.

It has always been obſerved, that the ſevereſt officers make the beſt ſoldiers; that the moſt accurate and rigorous maſters make the beſt ſcholars; and that thoſe heads of families who act with moſt punctuality, make infallibly the beſt ſervants, and the beſt

beſt children: nor are they ever cenſured, except by the rabble, who feel themſelves hurt by a conduct, which cannot but ſtrike them as a ſatire on their own. Whence are the bulk of their daughters ſo conſtantly liſtleſs and inconſiderate, but that no pains were ever taken to clear their heads, or methodiſe their ideas? Reared up in ignorance and ſtupidity, they live deſpiſed, and die unregretted. From the beginning to the end of their days, they are moſt unhappy in their own minds, and a torment to their neareſt connections.

What a pitiful excuſe for every little but vexatious blunder, that it was done without thought! On this prepoſterous principle there could be no ſuch thing as guilt in the univerſe. God hath made us reaſonable creatures; but by relinquiſhing reaſon, we make ourſelves monſters. For with equal propriety might the voluptuary plead, that his pleaſure, the thief, that his neceſſity, and even the murderer, that his fury, his revenge or his madneſs, deprived him of thought.

Whoever

Whoever poſſeſſes the leaſt ſhare of common ſenſe, muſt regard this, not as an apology, but an inſult. There is nothing for which we are more ſtrictly and properly reſponſible, than our thoughts and attentions. And it is impoſſible there ever can be any material failure or relaxation in theſe, but where the heart is moſt perfectly indifferent. Otherwiſe, we diveſt the human will of all pretentions to liberty, and wantonly conſign the whole world to the obſtinate and arbitrary management of blind, unmeaning fate. Would it be a ſatisfactory account of any voluntary engagement, to thoſe chiefly concerned, that it totally eſcaped your memory? Is your mind thus treacherous in any thing, deeply and ſeriouſly intereſting to your own hearts or paſſions? Does not every inſtance of negligence reſult from an inperfect ſenſe of duty, or from the moſt culpable habits of ſubſtituting giddineſs for gravity, or levity for thought.

It is juſt as much as to ſay, that you deſerve no credit in any thing, and that the

ſame

ſame heedleſſneſs, which betrays you in triſles, may equally affect you in matters of the laſt importance.

A woman cannot have a greater misfortune, than a mind thus defective, nor a man a greater plague than a wife, on whoſe attention he has no dependence. He may as well correct her in her ſize or her ſhape, the caſt of her face or the tone of her voice, as in a temper, which it is not in her power to remedy or improve.

Happy are they, who never feel the poignant ſenſations which the confuſion ariſing from an abſence of memory thus involuntary, ſometimes occaſions. It is at leaſt the duty of you all, inſtead of wantonly making yourſelves merry, to ſympathiſe with the misfortunes of the miſerable women thus ruined by habits of heedleſſneſs; to take warning by the forgetfulneſs and precipitancy, which frequently puts them ſo much out, and renders them ſo ridiculous; and to furniſh thoſe who are under your care

with

with the earlieſt, the ſtrongeſt and the moſt durable rules of accuracy and attention.

The two things by which the characters of young people are chiefly formed, are precept and example, and theſe, like ſpeculative and experimental philoſophy, ſhould always go together.

Tell them not only what is right, but ſhew them how to practiſe it. Make your own conduct an obvious and ſtriking comment on what you teach. Your injunctions, thus put in action, will ſtamp a much deeper impreſſion by the eye than the ear, as it is always eaſier to imitate than obey. Never permit them to think lightly of any buſineſs, by doing it ſuperficially. Not once ſuffer them to act without thought, or go about the leaſt of all their little projects as if indifferent whether it ſucceeded or not. Better give an air of importance to trifles, than an habit of trifling in matters of the moſt ſerious conſequences.

Yet

Yet this is the fatal rock on which the barge of domeſtic peace ſo generally ſplits. For want of due conſideration, how many things are treated as trivial, which, notwithſtanding, are of infinite moment! Do not the fineſt movements of the fineſt machines, commonly depend moſt on the ſmalleſt ſprings? In truth, nothing ſhould be overlooked or regarded as frivolous, with which the heart or temper has the leaſt concern. And what in the whole œconomy of a family, can be unintereſting to her, who has the charge of it? By neglecting the leaſt, the largeſt concerns have been often miſmanaged.

About capital objects, which generally make way for themſelves, we are all agreed. Nor do we ever relax into indolence or inſignificance or heſitation, but where we think there is room for ſome excuſe. It is from ſuch particulars, as fools and trifiers reckon of no account, that almoſt all family diſputes, all unneceſſary expence and all contingent ſavings, conſtantly ariſe. And the beſt proof of good management,

as well as of good manners, is a proper but unaffected attention to the minuteſt circumſtance.

Truſt me, your daughters dare not be dirty, when they ſee you always clean; ſlovenly, when they ſee you always neat; ſlothful, when they ſee you always buſy; or negligent in any thing, when they ſee you always attentive. Œconomy, without any alloy of ſtinginess or parſimony, conſtantly practiſed before their eyes, cannot but ſtrike them in all its elegance and utility.

It might be the means of turning their attention on their own minds, of correcting their young imaginations, of refining their volatile ſentiments, of digeſting their growing ideas. They would then be equally intent on moral and mental improvement, and embrace, with eagerneſs, every opportunity of repleniſhing their underſtandings, and expanding their hearts. And theſe are the only accompliſhments that can ever render them truly endearing, not leſs alive to the charms of taſte, than the delicacies

of affection; as wife and prudent, as graceful and amiable.

How bleſs'd is ſhe among the fair,
By gentle ſtars inclin'd,
Who cheriſhes with love ſincere
The virtues of the mind.
For thoſe ſhall live, when others die,
And ceaſe the heart to warm;
Prove ſweeter than the ſweeteſt eye,
And more than beauty charm.

Her habits, of this orderly and becoming kind, are much more eligible than the largeſt patrimony, which often anſwers no other purpoſe than to ſcare the good, and allure the worthleſs. Yes. The qualities of her mind and her heart, thus acting in perpetual concert, will be a ſource of the ſublimeſt delight, when all other pleaſures expire.

Bleſſed is the huſband whoſe choice ſhe is, and ſhe, when ſhe finds the man of her choice. Her tenderneſs will infallibly ſecure his affections, her ſympathy ſoften his cares, her affability and candour keep him always cheerful, her good ſenſe and diſcretion in-

ſure his reſpect, her prudence encourage his confidence, and her delicacy heighten all his enjoyments.

Holy and happy wedlock, when minds congenial meet and ſhare thy choiceſt and ſweeteſt endearments! Their union is that of nature, improved by reaſon, founded on mutual reſolutions of virtue, riveted on both ſides by the deepeſt regard for religion, ſoftened by an habitual inclination to oblige, and embelliſhed by all the domeſtic elegancies, without any of the faſhionable luxuries of life.

Such were nuptial comforts, at leaſt, in thoſe halcyon days, when all creation ſmiled on the ſweeteſt and chaſteſt pair that ever the world ſaw. Nothing dwelt then in their hearts, but innocence and kindneſs: their lives were ſacred to the pureſt felicity, and the paradiſe they inhabited, for plenty, peace and ſimplicity, was an emblem of Heaven.

Here

Here love her golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd;
Caſual fruition: not in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenade, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain:
Thoſe lull'd by nightingales, embracing, ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſs'd pair! and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more!

SIMPLICITY.

THE TIGER, that dreadful emblem of the female hypocrite, is ſaid by naturaliſts to be at once the moſt beautiful, the moſt crafty, and the moſt ſavage of animals. Who has not ſeen the obſervation verified by experience, that exceſſes incident to the ruin of the female character, are generally marked by an extravagance and eccentricity, to which, even in the greateſt paroxyſm of paſſions, men are abſolute ſtrangers? And have not the intrigues of your ſex been long and univerſally celebrated, for that very exquiſite ſubtilty and addreſs they occaſion?

The following is not unknown, tho' it does not now occur to me where it may be found—A lady, whoſe huſband had been long afflicted with an acute but lingering diſeaſe,

diſeaſe, ſuddenly feigned ſuch an uncommon tenderneſs for him as to reſolve on dying in his ſtead. She had even the addreſs to perſuade him not to outlive this extraordinary inſtance of her conjugal fidelity and attachment. It was inſtantly agreed, they ſhould mutually ſwallow ſuch a quantity of arſenick, as would ſpeedily effect their dreadful purpoſe. She compoſed the fatal draught before his face, and even ſet him the deſperate example of drinking firſt. By this device, which had all the appearance of the greateſt affection and candour, the dregs only were reſerved for him, and ſoon put a period to his life. It then appeared that the doſe was ſo tempered, as, from the weight of the principal ingredient, to be deadly only at the bottom, which ſhe had artfully appropriated to his ſhare. Even after all this fineſſe, ſhe ſeized, we are told, his inheritance, and inſulted his memory by a ſecond marriage. Simplicity is vulgarly underſtood in a bad ſenſe, as implying a want of common diſcretion or intelligence. It then indicates ſuch a deplorable debility of intellect, as to reduce

thoſe who unfortunately poſſeſs it to a level almoſt with idiots. Indeed lunacy and ſimplicity paſs, eſpecially in many parts of the country, for ſynonimous terms.

We mean however to conſider the ſubject under a very different acceptation, and, for the benefit of your daughters, to lay before you, in a variety of views, a diſpoſition of mind, as oppoſite to every ſpecies of inſignificance, as excellence is to deformity, or the rays of the meridian ſun to the ſhadow of the evening.

By a maſterly genius, a fine imagination, and the ſweeteſt, fulleſt and moſt harmonious language in the world, the antient Greeks have made themſelves immortal. No people on earth were ever more deciſive in council or ſucceſsful in action. But with all their parts and acquiſitions, they never once loſt ſight of ſimplicity. Every refinement in taſte, every novelty in the poliſhed forms of politeneſs and every new modification of elegance, adopted and produced by theſe enlightened maſters, reſulted in

ſome meaſure from the purity and ſteadineſs of their attachment to this principle.

The magnificence of their architecture has not been exceeded or even equalled by any ſubſequent invention. It unites the greateſt ſolemnity of deſign, with the pureſt ſimplicity of execution, the beauties of nature with the refinements of art, convenience with elegance, and ſplendour with utility. Their ſculpture is ſo exquiſite, as to preclude for ever all improvement; and the fame of their painting, like the glory of their arms, can never be forgotten, while the human heart retains any reliſh for the ſacred veſtiges of the moſt pure taſte. All the numerous and reiterated efforts of ſucceeding ages to attain the eaſe, the energy, the pathos and ſublimity of their writers, have been hitherto abortive. The muſic of ORPHEUS was irreſiſtible, and the narration of THUCYDIDES fixed the mode and ſtandard of hiſtorical compoſition. The eloquence of Demoſthenes, and the poetry of Homer, are to this day as ſingular phœnomena in the literary world, as the national tranſac-

tions of Greece, have ever been acknowledged in the political.

We cannot have a juſter conception of ſimplicity, ſo far at leaſt as its influence extends to works of art, than by a reference to the various productions of this liberal, illuſtrious and wonderful people. The honour of inventing whatever improves and embelliſhes ſociety, belongs to them. They ſet the firſt example of the moſt perfect ſimplicity in arts and in life. The ſpecimens of their genius, which ſtill attract the admiration of the world, have eſtabliſhed the form of elegant nature, and exhibited her various ſhapes under a poliſh peculiarly finiſhed and exquiſite. To the love of genuine ſimplicity, may be attributed all that maſculine dignity and refined elegance, which ſo remarkably expanded the ſentiments of their men, and enhanced the charms of their women. Simplicity inſpired the former with all the enthuſiaſm and ſhining qualities of true heroiſm, and even deified the graces, the beauties and the virtues of the latter.

Has

Has ſimplicity no application to the preſent active and improved ſtate of modern ſociety? or is it only to be found where nature remains uncultivated, among the ſavages of woods and deſarts, in conjunction with barbarous ignorance and ferocious manners? No. This mortifying and depreſſed ſtate of humanity abſorbs ſimplicity, with every other amiable and reſpectable attribute of our common nature, in mere animal exertion and appetite. In ſuch a ſituation only as renders the mind wholly independent of all ſolicitude about the neceſſities of the body, this noble and exquiſite quality operates with freedom, and is ſeen without diſguiſe.

Would you conceive properly of that ſimplicity, which is the ſweeteſt expreſſion of a well-informed and well-meaning mind, which every where diffuſes tenderneſs and delicacy, ſweetens the relations of life, and gives a zeſt to the minuteſt duties of humanity; contemplate every perceptible operation of nature, the twilight of the even-

ing, the pearly dew-drops of the early morn, and all that various growth which indicates the genial return of ſpring. The ſame principle, from which all that is ſoft and pleaſing, amiable or exquiſite, to the eye or ear, in the exterior frame of nature, produces that taſte for true ſimplicity, which we would preſs you to conſider as one of the moſt uſeful as well as the moſt elegant leſſons, you can teach your daughters.

Infancy is, perhaps, the fineſt and moſt perfect illuſtration of ſimplicity. 'Tis a ſtate of genuine nature throughout. The feelings of children are under no kind of reſtraint, but pure as the fire, free as the winds, honeſt and open as the face of Heaven. Their joys inceſſantly flow in the thickeſt ſucceſſion, and their griefs only ſeem fleeting and evaneſcent. Their ſpirits apparently gather ſtrength, as they riſe, and chaſe the faſcinating proſpect of maturity of bliſs with maturity of years, whilſt health, the parent of vigour and vivacity, revelling untainted thro' all their veins, repels the intruſions of

of care, heightens the acceſſions of gaiety, and gives feſtivity to their days, and refreſhment to their nights. Regardleſs of all the diſaſters which croud the approaches and progreſs of life, their harmleſs frolics are ſeldom interrupted either by pain or fear. Nor are they in the leaſt diſpoſed to put up with any inconvenience from the arbitrary impoſitions of ſociety, the humour of their friends, or the ways of the world. Their various actions take place, their inmoſt wiſhes are revealed, and their hearts perpetually expoſed, without any heſitation or difficulty. Ideas of propriety or decorum, neither prompt their ambition nor guide their attachments. Solicitous only about the preſent, they never trouble themſelves about the future. Nor do they ſuffer any apprehenſion or uneaſineſs, but from the reality of want. And they uniformly reſt, the moment their little appetites are ſatisfied. None of their innocent enjoyments are embittered with the dread of any evil to come. To them the deluſions and vexations of life are equally and utterly unknown. Suſpicious of no contingency,

they

they provide againſt none. To the calls of nature they are all attention. They know no voice but hers. Their obedience to all her commands is prompt and implicit. They never anticipate her bounties, or relinquiſh one of all her pleaſures. This ſituation renders them independent of artifice. Influenced only by nature, their manners, like the principle that produces them, are always the ſame. And, having no plot to facilitate, or intereſt to ſecure, caution in their caſe is as unneceſſary, as it would be impracticable.

Add to the genuine movements of nature, as thus diſplayed in the harmleſs manners of children, the various graceful and elegant corrections of an enlightened mind, and you have that true claſſical and rational poliſh, which, in conjunction with ſimplicity, conſtitutes one of the moſt eligible and captivating characteriſtics of a fine woman. Society demands many ſacrifices, and, in exchange for the favours ſhe confers, we unavoidably forfeit whatever intereſt

feres with her pleaſure. Still there is a manifeſt difference between a dutiful ſubmiſſion to her lawful, and a groveling defetence for her aſſumed, authority. While ſhe governs in the true ſpirit or genius of her original conſtitution or formation, it is our honour to regard her edicts with the ſtricteſt obedience. But the moment decency, utility or even convenience are ſuperſeded, for the prepoſterous innovations or vagaries of faſhion or caprice, our allegiance is diſſolved; and the adoption of her impoſitions is a total relinquiſhment of that independence, which is the laſt and deareſt privilege of mankind.

Genuine ſimplicity is, therefore, that peculiar quality of mind, by which ſome happy characters are enabled to avoid the moſt diſtant approaches to every thing like affectation, inconſiſtency or deſign, in their intercourſe with the world. It is much more eaſily underſtood, however, than defined, and conſiſts not in any ſpecific tone of the voice, movement of body, or mode

impoſed

impoſed by cuſtom, but is the natural and permanent effect of real modeſty and good ſenſe on the whole behaviour. You can beſt learn its utility and excellence from life, where you may ſee it in conſtant exhibition; and all you have to do, either for your own or your daughter's information and advantage, is only to beware of adopting the falſe for the true ſimplicity.

This has been conſidered, in all eyes, as one of the firſt and moſt captivating ornaments of the ſex. The ſavage, the plebeian, the man of the world and the courtier, are agreed in ſtamping it with a preference to every other female excellence. But whoever would inſpire her daughters with the love and admiration of this delicate and charming quality, muſt be at infinite and unceaſing pains to give them a ſtrong and rooted diſlike to whatever has the leaſt appearance of affectation.

It is a maxim which you ought never to forget in the tuition of your daughters,

that

that the ſovereignty of nature is paramount to the inſtitution of ſociety. Make them early, habitually and fully ſenſible of this truth; ſpread it frequently before them in all its utility, luſtre and conſequences; reduce it to practice in your own behaviour, and point their attention eſpecially to all that variety of original and ſtriking contraſts, which the want of it occaſions in life. Nor fail, on every occaſion, to ſhew them what a ſhocking metamorphoſis among the young, the old, the buſy and the idle, every where takes place without it.

Nature only is lovely, and nothing unnatural can ever be amiable. The genuine expreſſions of truth and nature, are happily calculated to impreſs the heart with pleaſure. No woman, whatever her other qualities may be, was ever eminently agreeable, but in proportion as diſtinguiſhed by theſe. The world is good-natured enough to give you credit for all the merit you can poſſeſs or acquire, without affectation. But the leaſt ſhadow or colouring of this

odious

odious foible, brings certain and indelible obloquy on the moſt elegant accompliſhments. The blackeſt ſuſpicion inevitably reſts on every thing aſſumed. She who is only an ape of others, or prefers formality, in all its gigantic and propoſterous ſhapes, to that plain, unembarraſſed conduct which nature unavoidably produces, will aſſuredly provoke an abundance of ridicule, but never can be an object either of love or eſteem.

The various artifice of the ſex diſcover themſelves at a very early period. A paſſion for expence and ſhew, is one of the firſt they indulge. This gives them a taſte for refinement, which diveſts their young hearts of almoſt every other feeling, renders their tempers deſultory and capricious, regulates their dreſs only by the moſt fantaſtic models of finery and faſhion, and makes their company rather tireſome and aukward, than pleaſing or elegant.

No

No one perhaps can form a more ludicrous contraſt to every thing juſt and graceful in nature, than ſhe does whoſe ſole object in life is to paſs for a FINE LADY. The attention ſhe every where and uniformly pays, expects and even exacts, are tedious and fatiguing. Her various movements and attitudes are all adjuſted and exhibited by rule. By a happy fluency of the moſt elegant language, ſhe has the art of imparting a momentary dignity and grace to the mereſt trifles. And, ſtudious only to mimic ſuch peculiarities as are moſt admired in others, ſhe affects a loquacity pecoliarly flippant and teazing; as the ſubject is conſtantly ſcandal, routs, finery, fans, china, lovers, lap-dogs or ſquirrels. Her amuſements, like thoſe of a magpie, are only hopping over the ſame ſpot, prying into the ſame corners, and devouring the ſame ſpecies of prey. The ſimple and beautiful delineations of nature, in her countenance, her geſtures and her whole deportment are habitually deranged, diſtorted or concealed, by the whimſical adop-

tion

tion of whatever grimace or deformity is lateſt and moſt in vogue. She accuſtoms her face to a ſimper, which every ſeparate feature in it belies; ſpoils, perhaps, a blooming complexion with a profuſion of artificial colouring; murders the moſt exquiſite ſhape by loads or volumes of uſeleſs drapery; and has her head, her arms, her feet and her gait, equally touched by art and affectation, into what is called the TASTE, the TON or the FASHION.

Little doth ſhe conſider to what a torrent of ridicule and ſarcaſm this mode of conduct expoſes her; or how exceedingly cold and hollow that ceremony muſt be which is not the language of a warm heart; how inſipid thoſe ſmiles which indicate no internal pleaſantry;——how aukward thoſe graces, which ſpring not from habits of good-nature and benevolence? Thus, pertneſs ſucceeds to delicacy, aſſurance to modeſty, and all the vagaries of a liſtleſs, to all the ſenſibilities of an ingenuous mind. Deſtined as ſhe is, in common with the

the ſex, and fitted by the peculiar liberality of nature, to poliſh and conſole humanity; a woman of this deſcription never exerts a thought beyond the requiſitions of the ton, the homage due to rank, family, parade or perſonal decoration. With her, punctilio is politeneſs; diſſipation, life; and levity, ſpirit. The miſerable and contemptible drudge of every tawdry innovation in dreſs or ceremony, ſhe inceſſantly miſtakes extravagance for taſte, finery for elegance, and faſhion for whatever ſtrikes as moſt incongruous to ſimplicity and nature. By flaunting forward in this manner, the abject puppet of every inſignificant and prepoſterous farce to which the faſhionable world give a temporary ſanction and celebrity, her whole care and attention are engroſſed by circumſtance and ſhew. To her, the delicious recollections of an open, artleſs and worthy life, are not half ſo charming, as the various tireſome inſipidities and inquietudes of a giddy one. Every idea of ſubſtantial felicity is habitually abſorbed

abſorbed in the flattery and frantic intoxications of female vanity.

It is not therefore intrinſic merit but a tinſel of exterior, which attracts her eſteem; and ſhe values neither candour of mind, nor modeſty of carriage, when oppoſed to flutter or parade. Her favourite examples are not thoſe perſons of acknowledged ſincerity, who ſpeak as they feel, and act as they think, but ſuch only as are formed to dazzle her fancy, amuſe her ſenſes or humour her whims. Her only ſtudy is to glitter or ſhine; how to captivate and gratify the gaze or the multitude, or how to ſwell her own pomp and importance. To this intereſting object, all her aſſiduities and time are religiouſly devoted. This makes her the willing ſlave of every novelty, which levity and extravagance or luxury brings up, invariably preſcribes that ſuperfluity in dreſs and equipage of which ſhe is ſo fond, and addicts her to the mechanical practice of

every

every punctilio or artifice, which folly ſuggeſts or prudery impoſes.

The mortifications to which this contemptible and faſtidious turn of mind expoſes and ſubjects her, are various and without end. Her approaches are frequently deemed intruſion; her affability, form or artifice; and all her complaiſance or civility, the mere etiquette of the ſex. She is always encroaching, and always repulſed; and is for the moſt part laſt, only from a violent propenſity to be firſt. It is becauſe ſhe would be above all, that all are ſo much intereſted in keeping her down. The general diſpoſition there manifeſtly is to keep her back, originates ſolely in her embracing every little vulgar manœuvre for putting herſelf forward. We check impudence, as naturally as we encourage modeſty. A woman of this kind, conſequently, is herſelf the dupe of all thoſe artifices and ſchemes which ſhe inceſſantly and unſucceſsfully practiſes on others.

This,

This, ſurely, is not a character you would recommend as a pattern to your daughters. There is the more neceſſity however, of expoſing its deformity, ſince it has of late become ſo common. In theſe dregs of times, nature, truth and ſincerity, are conſidered not only as uſeleſs, but pernicious: the only chance of ſucceſs among us ſeems how to conſiſt, not in the cultivation but neglect of them. But whatever we may think of their reality, their appearance is ſtill in moſt caſes indiſpenſible. The world, though the ſubſtance be no more, is yet ſtrangely attached to the ſhadow. This vicious taſte, however, is not incorrigible. Falſehood has no conſequence, but in the abſence of truth.—Cultivate truth in the manners of your daughters, make their lives a palpable tranſcript of ſincerity, and all the bubbles, chimeras and accompaniments of affectation, like the ſhades of night as the morning approaches, will inſenſibly diſappear. How often is debility of mind and even badneſs of heart, concealed under the moſt ſplendid exterior! The faireſt of the ſpecies and of the ſex often want ſincerity, and without

ſincerity

ſincerity every other qualification is rather a blemiſh than a virtue or excellence. Sincerity operates in the moral, ſomewhat like the ſun in the natural world, and produces nearly the ſame effects on the diſpoſitions of the human heart, which he does on inanimate objects. Wherever ſincerity prevails, and is felt, all the ſmiling and benevolent virtues flouriſh moſt, diſcloſe their ſweeteſt luſtre, and diffuſe their richeſt fragrance. Sincerity, of all other things, comes neareſt to our conceptions of Heaven, and conſtitutes in fact all thoſe white and holy robes, which ſaints and angels wear. This is a virtue of the heart, peculiar to no ſituation, and ſuperior to every accident in life. Your daughters, whether in eminent or in ſubordinate ſtations, are alike ſuſceptible of ſincerity, in all its native comelineſs and perfection.—— Leave them in full poſſeſſion of this ineſtimable treaſure, and you leave them richer, happier, and more truly independent, than if all the wealth of both

Indies was theirs, in conjunction with a temper addicted to levity, and a mind corrupted by falſehood.

There is a peculiar kind of ſerpents, which are confeſſedly the moſt beautiful, and at the ſame time the moſt deceitful. Still the vivid and variegated colours, which work and embelliſh their exterior, are not altogether ſo very faſcinating, as to render us inſenſible or inattentive to the dangers they conceal. It would be inſanity to indulge every degree of curoſity, at the viſible and certain expence of ſelf-preſervation. Delicacy forbids the application of any thing to the ſex in general, which can only ſuit the characteriſtic depravity of individuals. But it has always offended my regard for their beſt intereſt, to hear every prattling and apiſh coxcomb upbraid and inſult them, by ſuch a provoking compariſon. All ſarcaſms, thus licentious and illiberal, only tend, in the faſhionable ribaldry of modern converſation, to make the ſweeteſt charms of the ſex as formidable and portentous,

portentous, as the captivating gloſs of the moſt beautiful but moſt noxious reptiles.

Prudence, not artifice, ſeems an original characteriſtic of the female mind. The ſeparate deſtination of the ſexes accounts ſufficiently for thoſe actions and ſentiments, which in each are ſo apparently contradictory. But this mutual diſparity of manners conſtitutes the very harmony of life. Our ruſticity, and their gentleneſs; our courage, and their timidity; our confidence, and their modeſty; our openneſs, and their reſerve, are, in the intercourſe ſubſiſting between us, what ſharps and flats are in muſic. Naturally on their guard againſt our violence, they never diſpute with us in our own way, but at a manifeſt diſadvantage. ——In truth, they ſeldom contend, or ſtruggle, in any thing, except when certain of conqueſt. Then it is literally their own arms which bring them the victory. In theſe they are amply provided, and they generally wield them

with dexterity. The maſters of the world have uniformly become their ſlaves, and have been obliged to ſue to them for that favour which they refuſed to others. Nature intended us to be led by their fancies, dance attendance on their wiſhes, and miniſter to their caprice. Who has not experienced their powers of perſuaſion? Do they not chide, or teize, or look us into conviction, or good humour, at pleaſure? Is not the eloquence of their eyes, their accent, their action, in every circumſtance, on every emergency, calculated at once to faſcinate and ſubdue, to agitate with paſſion, or to melt into rapture? Are they not, in conſequence of a thouſand ſoft and winning graces, and endearing and raviſhing attentions and ſenſibilities, which ever accompany their various movements, in ſupreme poſſeſſion of our ſtrongeſt affections?

It is the miſapplication of theſe pleaſing and magical talents or qualities, which alone can transform your daughters from

ſylphs

ſylphs to harpies, from angels to fiends. Then, indeed, their tears will become thoſe of a crocodile, their looks and eyes, the looks and eyes of a baſiliſk, their every accent, the ſong of a ſyren, and all their beauties the deceitful varniſh of ſome latent deformity, or projected miſchief. Do you encourage them to ſigh for the honors, the gaieties, and the pleaſures of life? This will ſerve as a clue to guide them through the flowery labyrinth. Worth, while they poſſeſs none, can be no object. Nor, thus tutored, will they find it difficult to ſacrifice whatever exalts and adorns humanity at that ſhrine where it is chiefly debaſed, and where the vileſt accommodating principles are avowedly careſſed and applauded, at the expence of honor and conſcience. To be women of faſhion, they muſt put on an affected for an open countenance, ſubſtitute ceremony for good-nature, and ſupply the want of innocence, with an affectation of virtue, or an abhorrence of all who have been leſs ſucceſsful in concealing their misfortunes.

Perhaps the beſt paſſport, or moſt acceptable introduction to what paſſes for good or genteel company, is a dull ſort of ſtatelineſs, in the room of decency; cunning where wiſdom might be expected; and, inſtead of modeſty, and eaſe, in mind and manners, a moſt diſguſting exhibition of prudery, formality, and grimace. Thus qualified, they may indeed range through life invulnerable, and fight the world at its own weapons. Should you, like too many MOTHERS in our days, think it impoſſible for them to guard againſt the poiſon of hypocriſy, without making them hypocrites, only ſteel their tender hearts againſt the working of ſympathy and affection; and the petulance of the worthleſs can but little moleſt them; but then they will themſelves be moſt worthleſs and abject.

Mere coquettes are wholly the offſpring of whim; fluttering, deſultory, and reſtleſs, like birds always on the wing, or volatile and evaneſcent as the froth which riſes and bubbles for a moment

ment on the ſurface of the ſtream. Their conduct has no rule but accident, no principle but impulſe, no ſtandard but caprice. Nor do they ever know themſelves long enough to afford leiſure or recollection, either to ſound the governing ſentiments of their own hearts, or to form one ſerious or rational reſolution. Indeed their actions have no object, but the ſingle one of acting without any. Their minds are as deſtitute of intelligence as their language is of truth, their manners of ſimplicity, or their affectations of attachment. They are nothing, every thing, your's, every one's, and nobody's at all. They never deceive others, without deceiving themſelves; are often the dupes of their own inconſiſtencies, and even ſometimes betray, where they mean not to be falſe. Their thoughts ſettle not an inſtant on any thing, except it is to adjuſt their dreſs, to exerciſe their fans, to dart their glances, to teize their admirers. All their looks, and carriage, and other nameleſs little artifices, are ſolely occupied in catching or tormenting

a tribe of fribbles and inſignificants, who deſerve no better. Still their foibles, however numerous, or groſs, or troubleſome, are always ridiculous, but ſeldom criminal, and certainly never leſs miſchievous to themſelves than to others.

The coquette, after all, is one of the moſt harmleſs creatures in the world, compared with the hypocrite, who habitually ſtalks abroad in a maſk, which ſhe lays aſide the moment ſhe is alone, and is conſtantly piquing herſelf on what, in life and manners, ſhe not only wants, but abhors.

A woman of this odious and frightful deſcription, is the ſame heterogeneous monſter, commits the ſame unbounded miſchief, and awakens the ſame inveterate averſions in your ſex, as the moſt hideous villain does in ours.

All the various paſſions of deceit, pointed by ſpleen, and deepen'd by malignity, take full poſſeſſion of her ſoul. Pride ſwells her

her with the conſciouſneſs of every imaginary excellence, the blackeſt deſigns conſtantly rack her invention, jealouſy diſtends her boſom with envy, falſehood diſguiſes every feature of her face, and in all her attitudes and geſtures, the glaring aſſumption of prudery but awkwardly mimics the graces of virtue.

Indeed, ſhe never once ſpeaks her mind, never acknowledges her feelings, never drops her veil. Her ſole object is to be thought quite a different creature from what ſhe is, and to attract that reſpect and eſteem, which the habits ſhe wiſhes moſt to cultivate are calculated to deſtroy.

That beautiful aſſemblage of ſmiles, which, in the countenances of the innocent and undeſigning, wantons ſo ſweetly, and charms ſo univerſally, are, in hers, but the hollow ſemblance of a ſimplicity and good nature, to which her temper and manners are abſolute ſtrangers. She is never ſo perverſe and

peeviſh as when under the moſt preſſing obligations to be kind and affectionate; never ſo coy and diſtant as when her own heart urges and prompts her to act without reſerve; never ſo affable, ſo eaſy, or ſo familiar, as when a certain degree of delicacy and reſtraint would beſt become her.

Happily for the honor and welfare of both ſexes, ſhe ſeldom eſcapes detection. It requires much more ability and addreſs, than falls to moſt women's ſhare, to perſonate with ſucceſs, and for any conſiderable time, a borrowed character. One way or other, and generally when ſhe leaſt expects it, truth unmaſks her. Then her deluded admirers, ſtruck with peculiar aſtoniſhment and conſternation, contemplate the miſerable pagod they formerly adored, in all her native deformity.

The world in general often miſtake want of taſte for genuine ſimplicity. This fact has been univerſally acknowledged

ledged and regretted, by the greateſt maſters in their different profeſſions.—A flaſhy imagination, which has ſeldom any connection with accuracy or correctneſs of judgment, is commonly charmed with whatever is florid or gay; while the more exquiſitely finiſhed productions of a chaſte and claſſical mind are treated by it with neglect. Nor are the juſt, the natural, and the noble works of the ſublimeſt artiſts more obnoxious to vulgar cenſure, than the wiſeſt and beſt, eſpecially in the female world.

Indeed, all kinds of eminence among you, as well as among us, are invidious. It is this which occaſions that indiſſoluble combination againſt women of the faireſt reputation, among thoſe of the fouleſt. Such as have an intereſt in traducing, will be anxious to render them odious, becauſe they cannot effect their vicious endeavour to brand them with inſignificance or folly. Why are the ſhafts of detraction thus artfully and habitually pointed againſt merit?——Why do the

worſt

worſt take every where ſo barbarous a delight in ſtill nibbling at the beſt? Why do the weak and wicked ſo inceſſantly and officiouſly decry and lampoon thoſe virtues and qualities, which they dare not imitate? Why is true worth ſo uniformly irreputable and little, in proportion as it is connected with openneſs of heart and ſimplicity of conduct?

The reaſon is as obvious, as it is mortifying. Vacant, liſtleſs, or unenlightened minds, are the dupes of whatever glitters moſt, or is leaſt ſubſtantial.—They reflect not that real exceſſence is never oſtentatious. They ſee not the inſignificance of a gaudy exterior. They diſtinguiſh not between a ſolicitude only to parade or make a figure, and to do good; to buſtle, and to be uſeful.—They know not that pomp of every denomination is but the ſhallow cover of ſome conſcious defect. They have not the ſmalleſt conception of what conſtitutes true dignity, or elevation of mind. The woman who makes the loftieſt pretenſion, they applaud moſt;

moſt; but ſtrip her of her ſtateline ſs, and ſhe loſes at once her conſequence, and their attention. Affectation is a maſk, which diſtorts every object, and they regard none with admiration who do not wear it. In their eſtimation, want of ſpirit is good nature; gravity, wiſdom; meanneſs, humility; inſipidity, gentleneſs; humour, taſte; ſimplicity, inſignificance; and proteſtation, truth. Whatever is turgid has the credit of pains and labour; while the excellence and perfection of ſimplicity are eſtimated only according to the facility by which they are deemed attainable. They little apprehend how much ſtrength of mind is marked by ſimplicity, or that ſimplicity is the natural expreſſion of a good heart, and one of the laſt touches of a finiſhed character.

Whatever appears moſt amiable, lovely, or intereſting, in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in ſimplicity.—What is correctneſs in taſte, purity in morals, truth in ſcience, grace in beauty, but ſimplicity? It is the garb of innocence.

It adorned the firſt ages; and ſtill adorns the infant ſtate of humanity. Without ſimplicity, woman is a vixen, a coquette, an hypocrite; ſociety, a maſquerade; pleaſure, a phantom; and even virtue, a dream.

All ſocial happineſs conſiſts in a mutual exchange of hearts. The moſt infallible way of diſcovering the ſecret of others, is to affect none. This is a key which unlocks the cloſeſt tempers, diſconcerts all the precautions of reſerve, and diſarms taciturnity of its ſilence.—Be open to all, and all will be open to you. There is no freedom ſo pleaſing, ſo noble, ſo divine, as that inſpired by conſcious rectitude. It is beneath the dignity of truth, in any caſe, to borrow the crutches, or wrap herſelf up in the vizor of falſehood. But, the moment we aſſume an air, or look of diſtance or diſtruſt, every thing ſtrikes our fancies as dark and deformed. We are ſuſpected in proportion as we ſuſpect, and juſtly conſidered as criminal, from our ſolicitude to be hid.

No

No woman is ſuperior to the opinion of the world, who ſeldom conſults, and never prefers, that of her own heart.—And ſhe only, who is conſcious of that independence which ſimplicity inſpires and ſuſtains, will not, on any account, be debauched by the trappings of pride, or the refinements of luxury; but, in every ſituation, will prove herſelf greatly and honorably ſuperior to the pitiful chicanery and evaſions of the world around her.

Heaven has not a finer or more perfect emblem on earth, than a woman of genuine ſimplicity. She affects no graces which are not inſpired by ſincerity. Her opinions reſult not from paſſion and fancy, but from reaſon and experience. Candour and humility give expanſion to her heart. She ſtruggles for no kind of chimerical credit, diſclaims the appearance of every affectation, and is, in all things, juſt what ſhe ſeems, and others would be thought. Nature, not art, is the great ſtandard of her manners, and her exterior

rior wears no varniſh, or embelliſhment, which is not the genuine ſignature of an open, undeſigning and benevolent mind. It is not in her power, becauſe not in her nature, to hide, with a fawning air, and a mellow voice, her averſion or contempt, where her delicacy is hurt, her temper ruffled, or her feelings inſulted. It is nothing to her, either what the invidious think, or the ill-natured ſay, or what opinion or remark her character undergoes among the vain or the worthleſs, who ſubmit not to the leaſt interruption in their habits and foibles; or among the gay, where levity and luxury only are eſteemed; or among the rich or great, who ſo generally and abſurdly value every woman, not by the virtues of her heart, but by the extent of her fortune.

In the eyes of pedants, prudes, and hypocrites, who croud the fantaſtic circles of faſhion, and to whom dulneſs is wiſdom, pertneſs wit, ſarcaſm pleaſantry, and ſervility grace, ſuch a character as this muſt appear formal and awkward. She

utters

utters what ſhe thinks, and does what ſhe feels to be right, and deſpiſes the trite expedient of grafting her foibles, or building a name on virtues not her own.—Honeſty, the unaffected badge of intrinſic goodneſs, and real elevation of heart, is dearer to her than life, and one of the chief things which makes her in love with it.

Ready as ſhe is to overlook the follies of all, ſhe connives at the crimes of none. By this means, her honeſty ſometimes gets the name of rudeneſs, her plain-dealing of impertinence, her candour of ſeverity, and her ſerioufneſs of affectation.

Few are capable of diſtinguiſhing ſimplicity from meanneſs, or that which is eaſy, and natural, from that which is formal, and awkward. The beſt poliſh is not that which has the ſtrongeſt, but that which has the fineſt gloſs, and is leaſt ſuſceptible of injury. And what are thoſe manners which uſually paſs for the

the politeſt, but punctilios without kindneſs, attentions without ſincerity, modes without meaning, and elegance without utility? Her's are not thoſe which are all ceremony, but thoſe which are all heart. She never looks, or ſpeaks, or acts, but as ſhe means, and ſcorns to harbour a meaning in any thing, which ſhe has not reſolution enough to avow.

Though not deficient in humanity, complaiſance, or even condeſcenſion, ſhe never ſtoops to humour the proud; nor bends to ſuperior wealth, but to ſuperior worth; and her language is not ſelected to flatter the ear accuſtomed to adulation.

At a diſtance from courts, the aſſemblies of the gay, or the intercourſe of the great, her own ſimplicity and benignity furniſh her with rules for thoſe refinements in poliſhed life, which borrow their charms, not from grimace, or the ſimulations of conduct, but from the honeſty of the heart. And when calumny,

ny, with its thouſand tongues, opens its mouth againſt her,—as the monſter always does againſt the loveliеſt and the beſt, and, like hell which begets it, vomits up nothing but fire and brimſtone,—how delicious and heavenly the aſylum which ſhe finds in the grateful ſenſibilities of an uncorrupted mind, in a life governed by the pureſt principles, in a conſcience imbittered by no remorſe!

Happy thoſe daughters, who thus derive their firſt modes of thinking and acting from truth and nature. Their taſte is not a ſlaviſh preference to faſhion, but the dictates of a well-regulated heart; and Singularities of all kinds they are equally aſſiduous to avoid. There is ſometimes as much affectation in homelineſs, as in elegance; in thoſe who are tawdry, as in thoſe who are neat.

Whatever relates to mere exterior, is, however, a very ſilly conſideration, where character is in queſtion. All diſpoſitions of mind, not founded in ſimplicity, muſt be

be worthleſs. You ſhall every where find young people, of a crafty and deceitful temper, treating each other with indifference, and regarding their ſeveral acknowledged good qualities with reciprocal contempt. Next to the want of innocence and honor, a young woman cannot labour under a greater want than that of ſimplicity and candour. This defect, no poſſible artifice can hide.—Whoever would impoſe on others, by playing off in company a few contemptible tricks, pays a wretched compliment both to their underſtanding and her own. It is not difficult to ſee through the blinds by which thoſe of this deſcription often ſtruggle to conceal their underhand and invidious remarks. Silence, which is all the notice they generally merit, or obtain, is no proof that they paſs without obſervation or cenſure.

Did mothers but know how exceedingly contemptible the inſidious glances of diſingenuity render the ſweeteſt features, and the fineſt accompliſhments, they would rather

rather wiſh to ſee their daughters ordinary and candid, than beautiful and ſly.

You cannot, therefore, too ſoon, or too effectually, ſuppreſs whatever has the moſt diſtant appearance of a trick, or tempts to commit one. Never praiſe, or applaud them, for ſeeming to be what they are not, or unmaſk them, without the ſevereſt marks of diſpleaſure. It is a fact, which every one muſt have obſerved, that an infant remarkably arch ſeldom proves remarkably honeſt. No; addicted thus early to habits of cunning, and circumvention, unleſs every poſſible expedient be adopted to reſtore in time the primitive ſimplicity of her nature, all the diſcipline of reaſon, ſociety, and misfortune, united, cannot afterwards render her either a dutiful daughter, a faithful ſervant, a worthy wife, or a judicious mother.

The moſt inſignificant things about your daughters, in this tender and delicate period, are of the moſt important conſequences, both to the formation of their characters

racters and the felicity of their lives.—But the woman who begins her intercourſe with the world, by wantonly violating truth, has little chance, on any future occaſion, or by any ſubſequent exertion, ever to recover that reverence for it which ſhe has loſt. And who will be ſilly enough to put any confidence in her, who, from a conſciouſneſs of her own hollowneſs, has confidence in none?——But, of all the beings who drag out a wretched exiſtence in this wretched world, the woman who deſerves not to be truſted is certainly one of the worſt, and moſt pitiable.

Every mother of good ſenſe and delicacy muſt, therefore, be anxious to have her daughters poſſeſſed of the moſt perfect ſimplicity in heart and manners. Teach them how preferable it is to uſe no fraud or craft, than to continue all their lives deceivers, and be detected at laſt. Tell them how unworthy the emoluments of hypocriſy are, when compared with the horrors of infamy. Exhibit, at the ſame time, the glorious

glorious rewards of uprightneſs, which are exquiſite in the enjoyment, and immortal in duration.

Inculcate ſuch principles, and they will have nothing to dread from misfortune or infirmity. Their open, ingenuous, and honorable conduct, will draw down the bleſſings of Heaven, and all good men, on their heads and their hearts, on the friends they diſtinguiſh by their confidence, and on the very place they conſecrate by their preſence. Their children, and children's children, to the remoteſt generations, may be the better for the pattern you have ſet, and the leſſons of ſincerity you have taught; and poſterity, in full poſſeſſion of ſuch a valuable inheritance, ſhall cheriſh and embalm your memories with gratitude, while your bones are mouldering in their graves.

OBJECTS

OBJECTS OF FEMALE PURSUITS.

IN an Addreſs to Mothers, it is perhaps impoſſible to ſay enough of the union of innocence and ſimplicity in the education of daughters. Candour is, in fact, the ſource of every thing amiable and intereſting in female excellence.—Without that moſt graceful and engaging eaſe or negligence in carriage, which is the trueſt and ſweeteſt ſignature of the beſt intentions, there can be nothing of that modeſty or baſhfulneſs, from which beauty borrows all its power; nothing of that delicate meekneſs, which is the richeſt and moſt endearing ornament of the ſex; nothing of that genuine affability, which indicates ſincere benevolence; nothing of that exquiſite ſenſibility, which gives an edge and dignity to the gentleſt emanations of humanity; nothing of that purity of heart, which captivates the beſt, and overawes the worſt; and nothing of thoſe inexpreſ-

ſible

ſible charms, which ſhed a luſtre on every virtuous accompliſhment, and enhance the loveliest features in the feminine character.

In directing their various purſuits, preferences, or attachments, a proper uſe of this divine principle will put you in immediate and full poſſeſſion of their whole minds. Inſinuate yourſelves into their confidence, by the real and perſevering exerciſe of that candour you would inſpire, and their little panting and auſpicious hearts will from that moment embrace you with cordiality and truth, will be exchanged with your's, will open to your view, will ſcorn to harbour a wiſh which delicacy forbids them to indulge. By ſuch an unreſerved and friendly intercourſe, your tender, prudent, and exemplary inſtructions may happily regulate their predilections through life.

"A few centuries ago, while Italy was "yet the moſt enlightened and poliſhed "country in the world, a certain eminent

"philoſopher, who had ſpent many years "in travelling, choſe for his reſidence the "neighbourhood of Rome. All his re- "finements in the great ſcience of life were "founded in a firm perſuaſion, that true "felicity conſiſts in uniformly ſubjecting "the ſenſibilities of the heart to the dic- "tates of the underſtanding. His ardour "for knowledge, and the conſtant ſucceſ- "ſion of new objects, which naturally re- "ſulted from his ambulatory mode of "exiſtence, had hitherto rendered it no "very difficult matter to realize this "theory.

"But the moment he was ſettled, his "mind began to change with the ſcene. "Where ſo many objects invariably ſoli- "cited his attention, ſome were unavoida- "bly preferred to others. The birds, how- "ever, were not more faithfully attached "to their neſts, than he was to his new "ſituation. A fine garden, delightful "arbours, ſome beautiful ſheets of water, "ſtreams, caſcades, grottos, wilderneſſes, "large fields, delicious woods, and ex-

"tenſive plains, engroſſed his attention
"and retirement. The united charms
"of ſo many rural and enchanting ſcenes,
"all his own property, were his evening
"and morning, and conſtant amuſement.
"Wherever he went on buſineſs or plea-
"ſure, he ſtill felt a ſecret impulſe recal-
"ling his affections to that ſpot where all
"his ſolicitudes naturally centered.

"Even here, however, like the firſt
"man in the boſom of Paradiſe, he was
"far from being completely bleſſed. Un-
"der all the preſcriptions of art and ſociety,
"nature is never unmindful of her own
"deſtination. No longer abſorbed in
"other purſuits, he ſighed inſenſibly for
"a companion to ſhare his enjoyments.
"Solitude is often the nurſery of love.

"In his neighbourhood there lived a
"young lady of the moſt exquiſite beauty,
"and the fineſt intellectual accompliſh-
"ments. She ſoon perceived the value of
"our philoſopher, and eagerly cultivated
"his acquaintance. Her vivacity, her

" taſte, the elegance of her perſon, and
" the graces of her mind, inſtantaneouſly
" attracted his attention, and by degrees
" engroſſed his whole affections.

" Not inſenſible of this important con-
" queſt, the more effectually to ſecure, ſhe
" contrived to ſatisfy him of an excluſive
" intereſt he had acquired in her heart.
" This circumſtance, managed with delica-
" cy and addreſs, was finely calculated to
" operate on an eaſy, unſuſpecting, and
" enlightened mind. Who could be the
" favourite of an elegant and virtuous
" woman, without returning her affections,
" in ſuch a caſe as this? and ſo powerful is
" the principle of gratitude in the human
" heart, that even hatred is ſometimes ex-
" changed for love. Imagine, then, the
" ſenſibility of our philoſopher, who had
" already ſingled out the fair by the kindeſt
" partiality, when aſſured ſhe had all along
" regarded him with a ſimilar emotion.
" His happineſs immediately became in-
" ſeparable from her's. Nor had ſhe any
" longer

"longer occaſion to complain of his inat-
"tention or indifference.

"Often has it been ſaid, the deſtinies
"are cruel to lovers. No ſooner did
"ſhe know his heart to be her's, than he
"experienced all thoſe little teizing per-
"plexities, which the artifice of the ſex
"has contrived to puniſh and counterba-
"lance the turbulence and perfidy of ours.
"The triumph of conqueſt was all her ob-
"ject. He was, at leaſt, no ſooner in her
"power, than ſhe found herſelf very in-
"different about him. So capricious and
"evaneſcent is the attachment of warm,
"inconſiderate, and giddy minds! The
"impreſſions they create, like thoſe made
"on a ſtream by the gentleſt breeze, exiſt
"but a moment. Far otherwiſe the at-
"tachment of the feeling, the ſuſceptible,
"and the penſive. How infinitely deeper
"and more durable the tender ſenſibilities
"he indulged! Of his generous temper,
"which ſhould have taught her propor-
"tionable delicacy, ſhe took the meaneſt
"advantage, affected to be the more cool

" and diſtant, and trifled with the ſenſibi-
" lities of a heart, which thouſands would
" have ſoothed and cheriſhed with joy, with
" the greater levity the more he admired,
" and the fonder he grew of her company.

" He poſſeſſed too much good ſenſe,
" however, not to ſee through her af-
" fection; and though he was too manly
" not to deſpiſe it, yet to tear from his
" heart, all at once, its deareſt object, oc-
" caſioned him the moſt ſerious and ex-
" preſſible concern. The ſtruggle was
" indiſpenſable, and competent to all his
" vigour and philoſophy. It was reaſon,
" aſſerting her ſupremacy over paſſion, and
" heaven ſtriving for maſtery with earth.
" But loſt affection, like loſt time, is not
" to be recalled. To ſubſtantiate the
" charge of female infidelity, ſhe embraced,
" in an evil hour, the common remedy of
" the ſex, and reſented the loſs of one
" lover, by flinging herſelf into the arms
" of another.

" Happy

"Happy for him, had his wounded "mind been as eaſily reſtored to its former "health and tranquillity: but his heart "was gone, and with it all reliſh for life. "It was not henceforth in the power of "medicine, variety, or expedient, to af-"ford him the leaſt interval of ſerenity. "His nights and his days were alike "dreary and joyleſs. In this manner he "deplored his abortive paſſion for years. "His melancholy at laſt ſettled into an "inveterate lunacy. He then went by "the name of the *Poor Philoſopher*, and "lingered out the dregs of life in a condi-"tion the moſt afflicting and pitiable. "The ſcenes which had been the witneſſes "of his happier days, now became the con-"ſtant and ſolitary companions of his "wretchedneſs: and whatever had former-"ly heard the vows he made, and the "ſighs he uttered, were loudly upbraided "with her perfidy who deceived him. "He would frequently run frantic to the "woods and fields, wildly demanding his "*heart* of what or whoever ſeized his "wounded imagination. To the very,

" birds, who ſympathiſed with him in their " ſongs, he has been heard to cry, *Give me* " *back my heart.* But chiefly every woman " he ſaw, by recalling an idea ſo dear to " his bleeding memory, awakened all his " tenderneſs. Of her he never failed to " aſk, in a tone that would have ſoftened " the breaſt of a ſavage, *Give me back my* " *heart.*"

How ſtrongly does this affecting anecdote turn and enforce attention to the hearts and attachments of your daughters! With what unwearied circumſpection and aſſiduity ought ye to tend, and moderate, and methodize their earlieſt affections! This is the ſoil in which the ſeeds of life is ſown, and the whole harveſt depends on your culture.

I.

Perſonal embelliſhment is an object of no ſmall importance to every woman of ſenſibility. It often happens that thoſe of moſt beauty are the fondeſt of dreſs. This, however, is one of the moſt general foibles of the ſex: your daughters diſcover an inclination

clination to be ſpruce, or fine, or ſplendid, from their infancy. The diſpoſition is natural, and ſuited at once to their delicate make and ſocial deſtination. They are created to pleaſe, and therefore conſtitutionally attached to whatever facilitates or improves the great end of their being.

It is this which renders the diſcuſſion of the ſubject ſo extremely delicate.—You hardly will admit our competency to decide even on that part of your conduct which is chiefly calculated to attract our attention. And thoſe of the beſt ſenſe, who can almoſt bear every other ſpecies of raillery with abundant chearfulneſs and good-nature, are often ſeen to loſe their tempers, the moment their paſſion for dreſs is mentioned. It is difficult enough to give any ſatisfactory account of your feeling ſo ſore on ſo frivolous a matter. But while you wiſh to appear agreeable, it ſeems impoſſible for our taſte, even in this reſpect, to be wholly indifferent to you.

Whatever, therefore, your own opinion may be, teach your daughters ſome degree of deference for ours. Raiſe their minds as much as poſſible above every thing merely exterior. Give them no confidence, or hope of any real enjoyment, from trifles. Diſtinctions that only ſtrike the eye can neither be ſolid nor laſting. Shew them that finery may render them conſpicuous, but that worth alone can make them deſireable; and that garments the moſt coſtly and gorgeous, often diſfigure the ſhape they were intended to improve. Promiſe them no ſuch badge of vanity as a reward, nor ſuffer them to admire any affected modes of dreſs, nor ſeem pleaſed, on any occaſion, that theirs is ſuperior at one time to what it is at another. Let this be as ſeldom the caſe as poſſible. And when it is, take care to make them ſenſible that they are dreſſed to hide their defects, not to heighten their perfections; that dreſs is an emblem of miſery, not an object of pride; and that real beauty is always moſt charming when leaſt embelliſhed.

Cleanlineſs

Cleanlineſs will reconcile us to the moſt ordinary clothes, as the contrary quality will certainly render the fineſt in the world diſguſting. Nothing is ſo tawdry in itſelf, or ſo extremely offenſive to fine taſte and delicacy, as the unſeemingly conjunction of richneſs and dirt.

Would you know what frightful and loathſome figures the moſt beautiful and elegant women may ſuffer themſelves to be made, by an implicit adoption of every vulgar preſcription, view the moſt ſplendid and gorgeous among the daughters of ſuperfluity and faſhion, and being ſqueezed in a crowd, or broiled by immoderate heat, or drenched with a ſhower of rain. You will then be ſatisfied, how much better it is to be heathly, and look plain, than to feel yourſelf nauſeous under a gilded covering; and to be homely and eaſy, than fatigued, and expoſed with an uſeleſs and cumberſome load of the moſt diſguſting ſuperfluity. Cleanlineſs is always agreeable, and one of thoſe habits with which no rank in life, from the higheſt to the loweſt, can by any

means

means diſpenſe. The greateſt beauty, deſtitute of cleanlineſs, is diſguſting, and her natural charms are of no other uſe, than to expoſe and heighten this deformity.

Girls are fond of being thought pretty, and for that reaſon inſtinctively ſolicitous to ſhew it. Let your daughters, therefore, be attached to a manner of dreſs, that is not only clean but neat. What is the moſt cultivated taſte, but our native ſenſe of order ſufficiently poliſhed?

We look for ſyſtem, ſymmetry, or proportion, in every thing, and are never pleaſed where it is abſent or defective. There is a propriety in ſorting the mere materials of dreſs, which it is the peculiar province of neatneſs to adjuſt. The ſhades in different colours muſt be ſo arranged as to produce an agreeable variety, and exhibit an appearance of nature without negligence. Every ſeparate particular ſhould bear a certain proportion to the whole. There ſhould be nothing ſuperfluous, and nothing wanting. Such a diſpoſition as this

becomes

becomes the ſex. It indicates a ſobriety, which cannot but recommend them. The thoughtleſs only are the ſport of extremes, the dupes of faſhion, and the ridicule of thoſe whoſe adulation and eſteem they are chiefly ſolicitous to obtain.

Nothing appears more becoming the ſoft and captivating qualities of the fair ſex, than an inviolable decency in whatever regards the minuteſt article of dreſs. The beauty which ſhines independent of embelliſhment or art, is an object of univerſal admiration and love. The charms of a country girl, for example, unaided by the meretricious aſſociations of folly and faſhion,—eſpecially when her ſhape, her features, and her complexion, diſcover no tincture of deformity and vulgarity,—are irreſiſtible!

The character of a young woman's mind is in nothing ſo literally and emphatically pourtrayed, or ſo unequivocally marked, as by her taſte in diſpoſing, or her attention to perſonal decoration. Native modeſty may receive as groſs an injury from the garb,

garb, as from the gait of an harlot. The look, the geſture, and the dreſs, will always correſpond. She whoſe intentions are uniformly innocent, will not in any ſtation, on any occaſion, or from any motives whatever, be readily diſtinguiſhed for giddineſs, gaiety, or extravagance, in any part of her behaviour.

It is your light fantaſtic fools, who have neither heads nor hearts, in both ſexes, who, by dreſſing their bodies out of all ſhape, render themſelves ridiculous and contemptible. Theſe are they who affect to take a lead in whatever is moſt oppoſite to decency and nature; who prefer the moſt prepoſterous innovations, and ſedulouſly inflame and pamper the paſſions of others, as well as their own, by a conſtant adoption of every thing neweſt, or moſt *in ton*.

But what are thoſe modes in which the worthleſs of the ſex are ſo proud to place their diſtinction? Are they not the laborious inventions of idleneſs and luxury, and regularly

regularly imported from a people whoſe profligacy, diſſoluteneſs, and caprice, are proverbial? Are they not calculated to deprive ſociety of decency, and the ſex of purity; to invite the prying eye of wanton curioſity; to bring certain ridicule and infamy on female honour; and to render looſeneſs of the groſſeſt kind an avowed object of traffic?

A deſire to excel by ſuch unhallowed means as theſe, can originate only in vice. And wretched is that woman's condition, who depends for admiration, regard, or attachment, on the form, the colour, the quality, or the faſhion of her clothes.

In former times, dreſs was deemed one of the moſt palpable diſtinctions of rank. Ladies then had precedence, and underſtood their reſpective ſtations, by what they wore, and their manner of wearing it. This ancient and eaſy mode of diſcrimination is no longer known or obſerved in ſociety. The maid-ſervant not only apes but rivals her miſtreſs in every ſpecies of whim and extravagance.

vagance. All ranks of people are conſequently confounded, and melted down into one glaring maſs of tinſel, inſipidity, abſurdity, or ſuperfluity. Every woman we meet would ſeem, by her geſture and apparel, to poſſeſs at leaſt an independent fortune: and no difference at all is left, in this reſpect, to tell the inquiſitive ſpectator whether her circumſtances be narrow or affluent.

Proportion, therefore, the dreſs of your daughters to their ſituation in life. Every approach to exceſs in this article muſt be followed with the worſt effects. It is a deception eaſily detected, and will never be forgiven. An appearance of wealth cannot be ſupported on nothing, and the ſhifts to which it is ſometimes a temptation are not always the moſt reputable.

Nor is an inordinate love of dreſs a very promiſing ſcheme for obtaining the moſt reſpectable matrimonial connections. Young men are now too wary to be thus duped. Though it were ſure to ſucceed, who would

wiſh

with their daughters to commence ſo ſerious a connection by means thus ſubtle and crafty?

It is dangerous to tamper with truth in any caſe. Candour, ſimplicity, and fair-dealing, never ſubject to the leaſt riſque, are always ſafe, and always honourable.

II.

Suffer not your daughters, in any period of life whatever, to indulge a predominant predilection for amuſement.

An inclination of this ſort in youth, often ſpurns the neceſſary rules of diſcretion in riper years. It impreſſes the mind with a levity which no after-reflection is at all times able to correct. And habits of diſſipation, however unworthy of that good ſenſe and decency which belong to every rational being, are more eſpecially deteſtable and pernicious in ſuch as are deſtined to preſide over a family.

The

The theatres, under proper management, might be a ſchool of uſeful and virtuous inſtruction, as well as a ſcene of innocent recreation.

Tragedy is calculated to ennoble, refine, and expand, the beſt affections of the heart, to render our natures ſuſceptible and ſympathetic, and to teach by example the moſt intereſting leſſons of humanity.

Comedy will alſo familiarize the ductile minds of your daughters to what may be called the elegant and faſhionable minutiæ of life. The beſt definition of this ſpecies of the drama, perhaps, is, that, when properly executed, it conſiſts in a juſt exhibition of the trueſt politeneſs, not extracted from the dull preſcriptions of formal pedagogues, but as daily practiſed by the genteeleſt company.

The object of modern writers, however, is not always either ſo elevated or ſo pure. Their aim is only to fill the houſe. The public taſte muſt for this end be conſulted

and

and careſſed. And that, perhaps, is not ſufficiently chaſte, correct, or delicate.

You can hardly, therefore, ſend your daughters too ſeldom, where the virtues of innocence, of modeſty, of œconomy, and of truth, are rarely mentioned but to raiſe a laugh; where double-entendres are uttered with emphaſis, and received with complacency; and where examples of the groſſeſt profligacy, garniſhed with vivacity and wit, extort univerſal applauſe from high and low.

Places of public reſort, however, in their ſeaſon, and enjoyed with moderation, have their uſe.

Here all are reciprocally ſpectacles, and ſpectators; the gay, the great, the effigy of pride, the puppet of envy, and the paragon of faſhion, mingle in one circle of thoughtleſs inſipidity and parade; and, as they paſs, with inſidious civility exchange their places, their glances, and their ſarcaſms.

Where

Where none are wanting, much, it is generally preſumed, may be learned; and whoever is anxious to make their daughters what nature certainly never intended they ſhould be, can no where ſucceed more effectually to their wiſhes. But ill does it beſeem the ſober, the worthy, and the reſpectable, to be laviſh of their time, their preſence, or their ſpirits, among groupes of the giddy and infamous.

Such are thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation and ſhew, where the faces moſt common are not thoſe of health, prudence, or innocence, but thoſe which diſguiſe, under an abortive enamel and a deceitful ſimper, deformity and diſeaſe, temerity and guilt!

And are the refuſe of the world fit companions for your daughters? Is this an exhibition from which they can reap any improvement? Would a decent family expect from ſuch an aſſembly a faithful ſervant, or a wiſe man a virtuous wife? Is it even reputable to be often ſeen in thoſe ſplendid throngs, which, though chiefly compoſed

of

of the moſt brilliant company, have been long branded as haunts of lewdneſs, where beauty, youth, and innocence, are conſtantly bought and ſold, betrayed, and ruined.

Nothing can render the minds of your daughters more reſtleſs, or ſubject to chagrin, cloud their reputations, ſuppreſs their domeſtic regards more effectually, or ſo radically deſtroy all their enjoyments at home, as this diſſipated taſte.

But the worſt ſpecies of diverſion to which they can be addicted, is *gaming*. No faſhion can juſtify any thing, which, in your ſex eſpecially, produces deformity in the room of excellence. It may be adopted occaſionally, to prevent the appearance of ſingularity, for the ſake of variety, in complaiſance to the humour of a party, to ſhew good-nature, promote harmony, or preclude ſcandal. But the leaſt inclination to play, on any other principle, or from any any other motive, is ominous, and ought to be checked with ſteadineſs and ſeverity.

No

No diſeaſe requires a more immediate remedy, becomes more incurable, can render your daughters more odious, or involve them in greater danger.

Reading will not only improve their underſtandings, but often and ſenſibly intereſt their hearts. The whole circle of the ſciences is ſuſceptible of ſuch an improvement, as might render them peculiarly delightful as well as inſtructive.

Hiſtory, travels, and whatever either ancient or modern, foreign or domeſtic literature, relates to the knowledge of the world, and the ſecret workings of the human heart, ſhould be much recommended to your attention.

Health is a particular which you have doubtleſs much at heart. Every interval, circumſtance, or ſpecies of relaxation, ought to be accommodated to this great and neceſſary object.

Viſiting,

Viſiting, eſpecially as practiſed among the great, ſeldom terminates in any thing but vanity, ſcandal, or intrigue. The benefit of *walking*, which is the moſt natural exerciſe in the world, is not unfrequently loſt by an improper choice of place, or company, or both. To ſuch as would have their daughters rather elegant than virtuous, *dancing* muſt be a deſirable accompliſhment. But it often happens to the fine female *dancer*, as it does to the young man who ſings what is called *a good ſong*; ſhe is under ſuch temptations to ſcenes equally fatal to her health and morals, as ſhe cannot always withſtand.

III.

It is vain and ridiculous to deny or diſſemble the reciprocal attachment of the ſexes. We are all parts of one and the ſame great operative ſyſtem, and ſeverally intereſted in its ultimate completion. And, but for a ſeries of poſitive and artificial inſtitutions, no individual could ever have rebelled againſt this primary and eſtabliſhed law of exiſtence.

We

We are therefore ordained to regard each other with a ſenſibility and intereſt which begin and end only with life.—You cannot, though you would, and no law of God or man compels or enjoins you to ſuppreſs in your daughters this conſtitutional impulſe. It is your buſineſs to lay it under proper reſtrictions, to render it as much as poſſible ſubſervient to their own eaſe and convenience, to bring it under the habitual controul of reaſon, and to confine its operation within the neceſſary limits of prudence and delicacy. But nature has made the principle immortal, and its influence on female conduct is infinitely permanent and univerſal. From the firſt moment innocence ſuffuſes the face with a bluſh, your daughters are impelled, and in ſome meaſure formed by this ſentiment. And during the whole period of their youth and education, it more or leſs affects their dreſs, their diverſions, their actions, and their language; moulds their tempers, and regulates their manners.

Under the influence of a feeling thus genial and impulſive, at an age when every

object

object has a tendency to inflame their young affections, elections will unavoidably be indulged, and to regulate theſe is your principal concern, the beſt office you can do your daughters, and one of the moſt eſſential ſervices you can render ſociety.

It is generally from diſparity of condition that moſt unhappy matches take place. There is no time of life in which young women can with ſafety be ignorant of this fact, or inattentive to its conſequences. They are uſually left, however, to acquire the knowledge of it from accident or obſervation, and not unfrequently ruined before their minds are either capable of underſtanding the one, or making the other. For want of impreſſing thoſe, eſpecially of rank and fortune, with an early and habitual apprehenſion of ſuch a danger, how many melancholy and deſperate elopements are conſtantly happening, even from boarding-ſchools!

You cannot too ſoon and ſeduloufly guard againſt misfortunes of this kind.

Teach your daughters to ſuſpect the ſincerity of every lover, whoſe ſituation and proſpects in life are not at leaſt equal to their own. Addreſſes from inferiors ought never to be permitted, nor the ſmalleſt degree of intimacy ſuffered, where a mutual attachment is poſſible, and at ſame time ineligible. Nature is in every rank the ſame, and always ſuperior to political reſtrictions. Familiarity between the ſexes, under every poſſible predicament, for that reaſon, and independent of every ſubordinate conſideration, often terminates where ſhe intended it ſhould. Her operations are conſtant and infallible; and the conſequences, however diſagreeable and mortifying, may always be expected.

The characters of men in ſociety are at once ſo equivocal and various, that you will find it extremely difficult to aſſiſt them in their preferences. And yet there is no purſuit in which they either require more, or are leſs inclined to ſolicit any. It is an object, however, of which you ought not to loſe ſight for a moment. Girls are never

ſo apt to be reſerved, even on this delicate particular, as when they are under the greateſt neceſſity to be open. It is then they think every eye is prying into their conduct, and that they are moſt ſedulous to ſecrete what their own intereſt chiefly urges them to diſcloſe.

Such a ſeaſon as this, and it is generally a very obvious one, loudly demands your interference and advice.—But where perſuaſion and remonſtrance do not ſucceed, it would be madneſs to proſtitute authority. And, ſince you cannot preſerve their happineſs by earneſt importunity, and a delicate tender of the kindeſt offices, beware of indulging cruelty or outrage, leſt you drive them to deſpair. For, whatever claim you have on their obedience and affection, you have no right to make them wretched.

One of the moſt effectual methods, perhaps, of preventing ſuch a criſis as this, and of directing their affections to ſettle on proper objects, might be to inſpire them with an habitual averſion to thoſe which in

no ſituation can be eligible. A few characters may be pointed out, as a clue by which you may unravel a great many others leſs obvious, with whom you may have formed an acquaintance, and from whom your daughters may be more immediately in danger.

The character of Ranger in the play is not a very rare one in life, and, what is more extraordinary, often connected with the beſt qualities. A man of this kind is never indifferent in any company where there are women. But he is ſo addicted to trifle with the tendereſt affections, to find the ſex ſo ſuſceptible of impreſſion, and to be ſo equally careſſed by all, that he becomes at laſt incapable of attachment to any.

Surely you would not wiſh the ſelection of your daughters to fall on one whoſe ſole principle of intercourſe with the ſex is, never to return the tenderneſs he receives. He will probably treat her with much affected ſincerity. Gallantry is his profeſſion, and on every occaſion, and to every woman indiſ-

indiſcriminately, he acts his part with adroitneſs, but expects in no circumſtance whatever, that ſincerity ſhould be annexed to any thing he ſays or does.

His moſt ſolemn profeſſions, his tendereſt attentions, his repeated aſſiduities, are forms which have no other meaning than preſent amuſement, the temporary indulgence of vanity, or the introduction of an intrigue, which may probably end in the triumph of villainy and guilt over ſimplicity and innocence.

He will then treat every application for redreſs with ridicule and contempt, and very coolly impute your unfortunate daughter's ruin, not to his own profligacy, but to her ſillineſs. And whatever his arts of ſeduction may have been, a cenſorious world will not be eaſily brought to believe, that ſhe has not been ſufficiently forward and acceſſary in the means to which ſhe owes her misfortune.

Extreme vanity is alſo a characteriſtic in our ſex, againſt which you ought to put your daughters on their guard. You will often meet with minds well endowed by nature, and not ſuperficially cultivated, dupes of the moſt extravagant ſelf-conceit.

It is aſtoniſhing what a complication of abſurdities are often grafted on this unmanly principle. Blind to every imperfection, he appropriates all poſſible excellence, and is often intoxicated with an idea of his own ſuperiority in thoſe very inſtances where his defects are moſt ſhocking and predominant. He frequently wiſhes to be deemed generous, when it is not in his power to conceal his meanneſs. He will even affect to be your friend, and load you with profuſe profeſſions of kindneſs this moment, and treat you the next with a rudeneſs and brutality ſhocking and deteſtable even from a ſtranger.

A left-handed wiſdom, as Lord Bacon calls it, is generally the companion of this worthleſs diſpoſition. He has always a great

great many things to hide, which, however, very few wiſh to know. But his extreme affectation is to give an air of myſtery and importance to the leaſt of all his inſignificant tranſactions.

Wherever his own intereſt is at ſtake, he will not be backward to receive and even ſolicit your aſſiſtance. But let not your expectations of his gratitude be too ſanguine, or think he will put himſelf to any great inconvenience, even though he owe to you the higheſt obligations. His mirth, his folly, or his impertinence, is not to be checked or ſuppreſſed, whatever your delicacy, your temper, or your credit, may ſuffer by its indulgence. His vanity is too groſs to let him either perceive or feel the ſarcaſm of his own conduct, and he has his own private views too ſteadily and ſincerely at heart, not to render all the friendſhip he has for you, or any other, a very ſubordinate object.

Whatever his ſecret profeſſions to you are, you will ſeldom find him very ready

to realize them publicly. And it is not even uncommon for him to inſult you by a familiarity in company, proportionate only to the ſervice you may have done him. For intemperate vanity, the rhodomontade of inſignificance, and the moſt culpable ingratitude, are often to be found in the ſame perſon.

Still leſs than either would you direct your daughters to chuſe a miſer as a companion for life. It requires the moſt conſummate prudence in any woman to manage the parſimonious humour of a ſtingy huſband. Her leaſt expences will ſeem to him extraordinary. His conſtant lectures to her will be on frugality and economy. He will think her laviſh even in thoſe inſtances where others blame her parſimony.

Wealth is only valuable when occupied in doing good. It is then a mercy, but otherwiſe a misfortune to the owner, and all around. Nay, the prowling of wolves and tygers is harmleſs, and even deſireable, compared with that of wickedneſs armed with

with power. For no plague waſtes ſo imperceptibly and ſecurely, infects ſo deeply and fatally, or ſpreads ſo wide and woeful a deſolation, as vice in opulent circumſtances and eminent ſituations.

Nor is the miſer, amidſt all his gold, happy or contented. His deſires extend as his riches accumulate, and the more he gets the more he wants. Thoſe powers which were originally deſtined for the acquiſition and enjoyment of ſupreme perfection, are thus proſtituted in the purſuit of things ultimately vain and unſubſtantial. In every ſituation he conſequently feels his inferiority, though Heaven ſets him on high, or expoſes him like ſome craggy promontory, whoſe ſuperiority to the neighbouring hills conſiſts in nothing but altitude and ſterility, as if he ſtood upon others merely to keep them down; or were placed by ſome malignant dæmon to grow great at their expence, and took a pleaſure in intercepting every acceſſion of fortune in their favour.

Rather, is not every ſuch wretch thus exhibited, by a benevolent Providence, to ſhew, as an exemplary object of inſtruction, what a monſter exorbitant wealth uniformly makes of little minds?

Leaſt of all, be acceſſary or conſenting to any connection, of a matrimonial tendency, which your daughters may unwarily make with the ſhewy, the fulſome, the flaſhy, or fantaſtical. Theſe are all infallible attributes of diſſimulation and inſincerity.

> All men have found, as all ſhall always find,
> Pomp but the bubble of a frothy mind.

There is little ſenſe, virtue, or ſenſibility, either in man or woman, where there is no ſimplicity. The want of this, at leaſt for the moſt part, is a certain indication of inſignificance or vice, or both. The wretch who practiſes deception muſt have ſomething for a covering.—And to him it will always be a much eaſier taſk to mimic than realize what is generally moſt reliſhed and acceptable.

acceptable. And whoever is addicted to trim and accommodate in the ſmalleſt, will exert the ſame policy in the greateſt matters.

With a faſtidious character, like this, no woman on earth can be happy. He is every where ſo very tender, that the ſlighteſt touch occaſions him the moſt exquiſite pain. Every trifle puts him in a fret, and he is never ſo much in his element as when thoſe moſt dear to him are brought into the ſame inquietude.

The more ſenſibility with which the unfortunate partner of his boſom is endowed, the more it is in his power to vex and moleſt her. And ſhe is no ſooner acquainted with his character, than ſhe knows his aſſiduities to be moſt tormenting as moſt inſidious. His imagination, perverted by pride and peeviſhneſs, wholly overcomes his judgment. Circumſtance and ſhew engroſs all his thoughts and attention. In truth, he never thinks but how he may ſhine, nor performs an action but with a

view

view to ſwell his own importance. Continue to feed the ambition of his heart by a ſordid proſtitution of your own, and you ſhall find him of all men the moſt candid, generous, and friendly. But the moment your ſimplicity betrays you into one ſyllable that would rob him of the ſacrifice he expects, his ideas of your character will undergo a total revolution. For he will no longer do juſtice, even to your merits, than while you connive at his foibles.

One of the baſeſt hypocrites I ever knew, raiſed for himſelf, among a circle of little minds, who affected to regard him with reverence and adoration, no contemptible reputation, by railing almoſt inceſſantly againſt the very vices to which he was notoriouſly addicted. No man reprobated falſehood in every form with more pointed ſeverity, than he did. Yet his friends and his foes, thoſe he eſteemed and thoſe he diſliked, were received with the ſame fulſome adulation, the ſame diſtortion of features, and the ſame awkward and ſtately mode of addreſs.

He

He was ſo accuſtomed to the repetition of the words generoſity, beneficence, dignity, and ſimplicity, that he impoſed on himſelf as well as others, and miſtook a familiarity with the names for a poſſeſſion of the qualities; and even the blown ſuggeſtions of his own pride, for the practical operations of true worth.

His profeſſions of honour were never more laviſh and ſolemn, than when he meant to deceive or betray. He could boaſt, with moſt aſtoniſhing effrontery and earneſtneſs, even of humanity and candour, to the unfortunate wretches whom his want of theſe virtues had undone.

His tongue, though more venomous and deadly than that of an aſp, was, notwithſtanding, tipt by an aſſemblage of the moſt ſhining phraſes that ever aided any poetical deſcription of the ſweeteſt and ſofteſt ſenſibilities. With a manner ſingularly ſtarch and theatrical, his converſation throughout was one tireſome inflated effuſion of politeneſs

neſs without goodneſs, and affection without eſteem.

He had parts, but they were debaſed and proſtituted in an abortive purſuit of popularity; he had feelings, but they were taught to move only within the abject ſphere of vanity and ſelf-intereſt; he had virtues, but they never interfered with the deciſions of a debilitated mind, with the invidious averſions of a malignant temper, with the cruel machinations of an implacable heart.

A fairer perſon loſt not Heaven; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit;
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna.

Perhaps there never was, in any other character, ſuch a ſtriking complication of abſurdities. He was bleſſed with a wife of the fineſt taſte, and the moſt amiable manners; but his peculiarities broke her ſpirits, unhinged her temper, and reduced her from one of the ſweeteſt

to

to one of the moſt fretful and wretched women upon earth.

But it is impoſſible to delineate all the traits of human inſignificance and demerit which prevail in the buſy world.—There is none of you whoſe experience may not furniſh abundance of examples for urging the neceſſity of teaching your daughters, by every means in your power, the great and indiſpenſible art of diſcriminating character.

FEMALE

FEMALE HONOUR.

TO parents eſpecially, who are anxious for the morals as well as fortunes of their children, among all the ſhocking ſights ſo conſtantly exhibited in every part of this great metropolis, none can be more affecting and deplorable than thoſe immenſe ſhoals of bad women, who ſwarm in the ſtreets, and are ſo numerous, ſo profligate, and ſo daring in all public places. The very happineſs, not to mention the virtue or utility to ſociety, of ſuch a multitude of individuals, is an object which calls loudly for the interpoſition of the legiſlature. But whatever ideas ſtateſmen may entertain of this enormous and growing evil, it holds forth a dreadful leſſon to mothers, and all who have any concern in female education.

In

In a vortex of luxury, intemperance, and depravity, how ſhall female virtue be preſerved? how ſhall the honour of the ſex be protected? how ſhall the woman, whoſe mind is inceſſantly accoſted by the groſſeſt indelicacies, retain thoſe nameleſs purities, on which her reputation and happineſs in life depend? By what means ſhall you guard your daughters from the contagion of bad example, or ſhield effectually that innocence from injury or violation, which is the ſweeteſt and loveliest feature in their character?

Ye mothers of ſenſibility and virtue, whoſe fond imaginations dwell with rapture on the proſpect of felicity which you anxiouſly expect ſhall be the fortune of your offspring, what an awful, important, and inſtructive ſpectacle do you not behold, wherever you turn your eyes, from that deplorable profligacy, in which ſome of the fineſt women in the world are plunged, and from which, not the beſt on earth can be certain of ſecuring for their daughters an abſolute exemption. Many of theſe forlorn creatures

creatures—abject, infamous, and irrecoverable as they now are—were probably born to far other hopes, have ſeen happier days, and received an education which promiſed better things. Their morning might have been bright and ſerene, though their evening grows cloudy and cheerleſs. But where now are all thoſe bleſſings, ſo eagerly anticipated and foretold by ſuch as had an intereſt in their welfare? In thoſe delicious moments, when the good qualities of your daughters fill your hearts with gladneſs, think on their lamentable condition for whom the deſtinies have reſerved ſo different a fate, who have the ſingular misfortune of giving birth to the moſt worthleſs, the moſt diſgraceful, and the moſt wretched of the ſex. It is by contraſting your enjoyments with their ſufferings, that you are enabled to conſider your daughters as not a curſe, but a bleſſing. Theirs, alas! were probably once as gay, as guiltleſs, as charming, and as hopeful as yours. The ſmiling careſſes of infancy, and all the nameleſs endearments of childhood, ſtruck at that time their partial apprehenſions as

ſo

ſo many flattering preſages of approaching proſperity! nor can you contemplate your tender charge with a happier mixture of ſolicitude and extacy than they did. God forbid any of you ſhould ſhare that inexpreſſible conſternation and horror, which ſeize the feeling heart, on the tiding of a fallen and ruined child. Heaven, when moſt incenſed, viſits not the guilty with a heavier puniſhment.—Nor can the tendereſt ſtrings of humanity be more exquiſitely touched. O God! to be thus bereaved, in one moment, of that which the beſt have always valued moſt; to have the beloved of your ſoul torn from your fondeſt embraces, not by death, the common lot of the ſpecies, but by vice, our hereditary enemy and deſtroyer, is too much, is more than nature can bear, is a wound which can be cloſed only with life!

In proportion as you deprecate ſuch a calamity, you will be ſerious in your endeavours to prevent it, by fortifying your daughters againſt every ſpecies of impropriety, which tends by any means to leſſen

or relax their ideas of female virtue. With this view, impartially examine your own hearts; and caution theirs, with infinite and unceaſing earneſtneſs and importunity, againſt whatever moſt endangered yours.

This flagrant and public inſult on the decency, the utility, and the dignity of your ſex, is, perhaps, one of the greateſt inconveniencies attending the moſt poliſhed forms of political ſociety. But, among the vaſt multitude of hapleſs victims thus ſacrificed at the melancholy ſhrine of profeſſional proſtitution, the number of women who owe their degradation to their own wantonneſs, is very inconſiderable. Apart from the various incentives to incontinence, which are the neceſſary concomitants of artificial life, the ſex in my opinion, are naturally attached to purity. In ſcenes of ſimplicity, at leaſt, and remote from courts, aſſemblies, and populous towns, a woman of looſe inclinations or abandoned manners is rarely to be found. And there, ſhe is ſo abſolutely the creature of education, habit, and faſhion, that

nature

nature has no longer any ſhare in her character, nor takes any charge of her conduct.

To what then ſhall we attribute this humiliating circumſtance, or how account for ſo ſhocking a debaſement of the ſex? By exploring ſome of its moſt obvious cauſes, we may partly, perhaps, defeat their operation. And a ſtrong paſſion for diſſipation, averſion to induſtry, habits of credulity, and diſappointed love, are all more or leſs chargeable with this conſequence.

It ſurely requires no great ingenuity to point out or obſerve the ſettled connection which ſubſiſts between conſtant diſſipation and occaſional guilt. What are our faſhionable circles, our routs, our aſſemblies, moſt of our elegant entertainments, and all our places of public rendezvous, but ſcenes of gallantry and intrigue, where a thouſand artifices are daily practiſed to inflame the paſſions: where perſons of the moſt profligate habits are the capital figures

in

in the groupe; where the number and effrontery of the worthleſs are for ever on the increaſe; where all the innovations of faſhion ſpread and ravage like a peſtilence; and where every impropriety and exceſs may be expected, which can be ſuppoſed to reſult from an eternal colliſion of the ſexes? Is it here that any man, in the ſober uſe of his reaſon, would repair in ſearch of thoſe virtues which render matrimony eligible; in which he could repoſe a confidence; or which he would wiſh his children to imitate? Is it here your daughters are likely to meet with ſuitable examples of decency, modeſty, and reſerve? Is it here you would teach them the amiable and intereſting leſſons of modeſty, diffidence, attention, and aſſiduity? Rather, is not this the profeſſed ſchool of vanity, giddineſs, inſipidity, and folly? Surely places of this ſort are not the walks which the wiſe, the worthy, and the reſpectable, are known to frequent. What good quality can poſſibly be acquired from multitudes only engaged in the purſuit of pleaſure? Where that ſcene of general

intercourſe,

intercourſe, in which characters leſs exceptionable do not compoſe the majority of the company? And theſe are collected, animated, and kept together by objects of the moſt trivial nature, if not of the looſeſt tendency. Can your daughters then expect improvement or edification from a conſtant ſcene of amuſements, by which many, in every reſpect their equals, have been undone? from a promiſcuous throng of idlers, inſignificants, and mimics; whoſe converſation is prattle or ribaldry, whoſe actions are levity and riot, whoſe manners are obvious ſignatures of unprincipled hearts?

Ye ſlaves of opinion and parade, doomed as ye are, like pictures in an exhibition, to ſcenes of perpetual oſtentation and expoſure, where every fool gratifies his impertinence at your expence—ah! little do you know or ſuſpect how coſtly and perilous your ſcanty portions of enjoyment are, and for what a world of inſignificance you thus forego the choiceſt endearments of the heart!

Among

Among all the objects that powerfully affect our natures, female diſtreſs ſeems one of the greateſt. This rouſes all the heart, and touches the ſympathy of man. The complaints of a woman, unleſs when defeated by ſome other feeling, procure immediate attention and relief. It is not in the maſculine temper to treat the ſex with indifference. We are often more ſolicitous about their welfare than our own; and there is hardly any man ſo barbarous as not, occaſionally at leaſt, to exhibit ſome ſtriking proofs of generoſity at their inſtance. The peculiar delicacy of their make, their exquiſite ſenſibilities, their dependent condition, the winning aſſiduities of their manners, and the invariable propenſities we feel and diſcover to ſerve and protect them, give us a laſting and active concern in whatever relates to their pain and pleaſure.

But how ſhamefully would this generous and manly ſentiment be debaſed, were it extended inexceptionably to all who have loſt their virtue? Many of theſe,

God knows, are abundantly wretched, whose sufferings, however, are of their own creation, and not, as in other cases, imposed by necessity. Destined to a state of the lowest drudgery, they contract improper acquaintance; and by indulging intemperate desires, become the hapless and ghastly victims of indolence and bad company. What are most of those tawdry and gigantic women, who stalk through the street, like grenadiers in disguise, and exhibit so much wanton and ferocious effrontery, but servants out of place?

Reflect on these melancholy examples of female depravity, ye hard-hearted mothers, who take no pains to suppress the extravagance of your daughters, but suffer them to cultivate bad habits of profusion, as may one day reduce them to the same mortifying and disgraceful condition! Idleness and dissipation might, with the finest fortune in the world, bar their happiness for ever; but, without a competency, are the certain road to destruction. Why buoy them up with expectations you can

never realize, or accuſtom them to a mode of living, dreſſing, and keeping company, which cannot ſurvive their dependence on you, and from which, however humiliating and painful, ſome time or other they muſt deſcend? What is this but directing them to place their comfort on objects not merely precarious, but evidently abortive?—and the moment your ſupport is withdrawn, either by accident or death, they will not thank you, on finding themſelves obliged to procure a ſorry maintenance at the expenſe of their virtue, and the habitual riſque of their lives, who, by an education leſs refined, and more laborious, might have earned their bread by laudable means, with unblemiſhed fame, health of body, and ſoundneſs of mind.

So profligate and abandoned is the world become, that you had better turn your daughter into the ſtreet at once, than place her out to ſervice. For, ten to one, her maſter ſhall ſeduce her, or ſhe ſhall be made the confidant of her miſtreſs's intrigues, or ſhe falls the victim of ſome pampered

pampered menial.—Parents who can provide no better for their children, ſeem now anxious only of procuring for them places of eaſe, affluence, and luxury, to the excluſion and contempt of ſuch ſober, induſtrious people, as cannot afford to be idle themſelves, or keep thoſe that are. Many, therefore, get into families where one continued ſcene of riot and debauchery prevails; where nothing is ſo much derided at as the very ſemblance of decency; and where ſhoals of fellows, kept and fed like oxen in a ſtall, make it an object to ruin every modeſt girl within their reach.

But for one woman who owes her infamy to levity and idleneſs, thouſands are deſtroyed by credulity. With what fraternal tenderneſs, and manly delicacy, does the poet, in the following lines, apprize his fair ſiſters of their critical ſituation. Nor are his juſt invectives againſt thoſe of our ſex, who practiſe the diabolical arts of ſeduction, the leſs poignant for their oblique direction.

—Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſs'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bow'r
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While ev'ning draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying man.

Alas! how many, without depravity of heart, by a ſudden ſhock of temptation, or the ſeductions of villainy, have in one moment been robbed of their character, and loſt their comfort! Well may the ſpecies bluſh for want of humanity, whenever ſuch a caſe tranſpires! It would then ſeem as if one wretch were materially ſerved by the mortification, and exulted in the ruin of another. The native ghaſtlineſs of vice is never ſo apparent as in her hollow triumph over fallen or degraded worth!

How inſidiouſly does the ſhocking tale circulate! The poor and unfortunate delinquent is ſo univerſally deteſted and avoided,

avoided, and truth and falſehood are ſo equally blended in her indictment, that the malice of her enemies is ſtrengthened, and the predilection of her friends ſuppreſſed. Whatever can mitigate the accuſation, is excluded; while a thouſand aggravating circumſtances are fabricated, dilated with minuteneſs, and magnified with acrimony.

In ſuch a ſtate of reprobation, what ſhall ſhe do? from what quarter ſupplicate mercy? or whither look for redreſs? Where are the bowels to pity, the hands to relieve, or the arms to receive her? Nature every where aſſumes the ſame dark, menacing, and gloomy aſpect! From all with whom ſhe had formerly any intimacy or connection, ſhe meets with reſentment and contempt, inſtead of ſympathy and condolence. To the worthy, of every ſex, character, and condition, ſhe has no acceſs, but is every where ſurrounded with obloquy and ruin.

Thus

Thus abandoned of earth and heaven, in the midſt of ſociety ſhe pines in ſolitude, perhaps ſtarves for want, or not unfrequently dies in deſpair! Public proſtitution is often adopted, merely as a temporary aſylum from hunger and the grave; and ſhe generally prowls or wanders in the ſtreets with a heavy heart, a conſcience full of remorſe, and a mind alternately approaching the dreadful extremes of inſenſibility and diſtraction.

Thou monſter! by whom ſhe has been robbed of her honour, ſee to what a deplorable ſituation ſhe is now reduced, who, before her confidence in thee, was innocent and happy!

How could'ſt thou ſay her face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could'ſt thou win her virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Forget not then a moment how liable your daughters are to ſeduction; and be particularly jealous of their male companions.

Your

Your men of the world live and die in a maſque, and are always objects of ſuſpicion, in proportion to their affectation of honeſty. But he who would paſs for a man of honour, has treachery ſolely in view. He flatters only to betray: and whatever he does, to amuſe, is meant as a prologue to the tragedy in which he hopes to be an actor with your daughters. Encourage, therefore, none, whom they can miſtake for gallants, to hang about them, to whiſper ſoft things in their ears, to pleaſe them with a torrent of fulſome prattle, or to tender, with inſidious politeneſs and aſſiduity, their homage in private or their ſervice in public.

Diſappointment in love is alſo a fertile ſource of female infidelity. The rights of maternal authority do by no means in the world ſuppoſe the abſolute ſlavery of your daughters. Amidſt the luxury and vice which at preſent overwhelm ſociety, what is marriage for the moſt part but an outrageous inſult on reaſon and nature? How often does a conjugal connection take place between thoſe moſt heteroge-

neous

neous and irreconcileable in temper! The ſtrongeſt artificial ties are but a ſlender cement to matches explicitly reprobated by nature.

When the ſexes are united in this manner, and cohabit on no higher principle than thoſe of mere partners in the common affairs of buſineſs, they may honour it by what appellation they pleaſe, but it is in fact a ſtate only of legal proſtitution. It is plain, at leaſt, that they ſurrender every thing to each other, ſave their hearts; and without an exchange of hearts, what, in the eyes of God or man, can ſanctify their choice?

Thus our youth are literally bought and ſold, or drove into one another's arms by a ſpecies of the groſſeſt compulſion, merely to anſwer the capricious, unprincipled purpoſe of parents; who by the righteous appointment of Providence, often live to witneſs the melancholy conſequences of ſuch inhuman arbitrary bargains.

Who

Who are they who bear the opprobrious diſtinction of being called *women of pleaſure*, in the higher walks of life, but wives who had never any cordial regard for their huſbands, whoſe averſion, on that account, to the chaſte and legitimate endearments of wedlock, involves them in a ſeries of forbidden joys; or who, ſpurning a condition in which the heart has no concern, prefer, in a fit of diſtraction, all the mortification of public infamy, to the dear-bought honour of a fidelity inſeparably connected with inſipidity, vaſſalage, and diſguſt?

It is this ſpecific circumſtance, which from the middle and lower ranks in ſociety, furniſhes the town with proſtitutes, the houſes of correction with female vagabonds, and the hoſpitals with invalids. One half, at leaſt, of the profligate multitude, who, like ſhoals of infectious vermin, neſtle in every corner, and pollute every thoroughfare, are women of this odious but unfortunate deſcription.

Educate

Educate your daughters, then, with an invariable eye to that condition, whatever it is, in which Providence hath fixed their lot. Accuſtom them to be ſhy, wherever frankneſs is likely to involve them in difficulty. They ſhould aſſociate only with young men in ſimilar circumſtances. Make them, above all things, ſenſible, that the love of their huſbands alone can render a marriage life eligible, that it never grows irkſome, but in the abſence of this principle; and that enjoyment ought not to leſſen affection, as nothing can be more baſe than to like, when we have not, what we deſpiſe the moment we poſſeſs.

You who can ſafely congratulate yourſelves in having no ſhare in thoſe cauſes which produce ſuch a melancholy degradation of the ſex, are peculiarly happy. Heaven conſigns to your care the tuition, the characters, the future felicity of your daughters, their uſefulneſs in life, and the various bleſſings to which even poſterity is entitled from their worth. You are yourſelves poſſeſſed of too much ſenſibility and virtue,

virtue, have too much experience of the world, and daily meet with too many inſtances of young women ſuffering for want of that attention which their circumſtances require, not to feel the whole preſſure of a truſt ſo delicate and intereſting.

Let me, therefore, beſeech you to make your daughters ſenſible, that ſomething more is ſtill neceſſary, both to the perfection of their education, and their comfort in life, than mere obedience to maternal authority, domeſtic accompliſhments, diligence, economy, or even the pureſt ſimplicity in mind and manners. You muſt alſo,—as you wiſh them to be eſteemed and beloved, to ſupport the credit of your families and name, and to ſet a good example to their offspring, as you have done to yours,—more eſpecially accuſtom them early and aſſiduouſly to the acquiſition of uſeful knowledge, the habit of agreeable virtue, and the practice of real religion.

KNOWLEDGE.

SCIENCE is that to the mind which light is to the body; and a blind is just so much less shocking than an ignorant woman, as her mental are superior to her corporeal powers.

This species of accomplishment has been much ridiculed, as raising the sex above that sphere where nature seems to have fixed their movements. Such is the paradox which has occasioned so much illiberality and sarcasm, and on which every woman of learning has been so often represented as a monster! But this position, examined to the bottom, only shews that pedantry is a foible less frequent, and therefore less sufferable, in one sex than in the other. Like most other charges brought against you, it proceeds from a total ignorance of your worth. And God forbid that any human being should be answerable for the fabrications of ignorance and prejudice.

Learning,

Learning, it is alſo ſaid, would improve your talents of addreſs, and only make you worſe by rendering you more artful. This is likewiſe an idea which no man, who enjoys the converſation and friendſhip of modeſt and good women, ever indulged. Whoever has the leaſt regard for decency and truth, and is not deſtitute of all reliſh for the happineſs which ſprings from the chaſte ſenſibilities of an unpolluted heart, muſt own he has ſuffered a thouſand times more exquiſitely from the unrelenting antipathy of men, than from any bad qualities in women. Indeed, the preſent ſituation of both in this country renders it impoſſible to be otherwiſe. The maſculine character is peculiarly obnoxious to the petrifying influence of vulgar opinion. Our young men are ſoon intoxicated with the fallacious maxims either of the gay or buſy world; and both extremes are equally pernicious to ſocial excellence. Ideas of the meaneſt and moſt ſordid tendency abſorb their minds at a very early period, and render them ever after criminally callous to the workings of humanity. With a ſtrong predilection

for

for wealth, independence or libertiniſm, they cheerfully proſtitute all the powers of their minds, and all the feelings of their hearts, in acquiring one or all of theſe objects. This unavoidably plunges them into all the machinations of pride, all the intrigues of gallantry, all the intricacies, riſques, and viciſſitudes of buſineſs.—Sentiment conſequently loſes its weight; and ſenſibility its edge; intereſt triumphs in the abſence of principle, and nature relinquiſhes her dominion to art.

The moſt engaging diſpoſitions of the female mind ſeldom undergo ſuch a total revolution. Nor do women ever diſcover any great profligacy of heart, till they have forfeited all credit with the world. Apart from a few of the moſt perverſe and unrelenting tempers, thoſe not flagrantly vicious are ſeldom inſincere. Their attachments, which conſtitute the moſt comfortable circumſtances in domeſtic life, when innocent and undiſſembled, are much more laſting and fervent than ours. In ſhort, as the world now goes, it is a thouſand times

more

more dangerous to truſt a man than a woman of reputation.

Let no ribaldry, therefore, however plauſible and fallacious, divert your attention from the intellectual improvement of your daughters. In their youth, all their powers of ſenſual or pleaſurable enjoyments are mature, and decline only as their paſſions cool. Now is the time to furniſh them with a ſtock of other and more durable materials, that they may live with ſatisfaction when theſe are no more. It is when her fibres, and juices, and ſalts, are tender and genial, that the earth receives her ſeed, that the laws of vegetation operate, and that all thoſe plants take root and ſpring, which afterwards fill her boſom with plenty, and her face with beauty. Nor is there one barren or blighted ſpot, on any part of her ſurface, more perfectly bleak and diſmal, than a mind involved in ignorance, or benumbed with inſenſibility.

Embrace, then, the preſent ſeaſon of cultivating the minds of your daughters,

in ſuch a manner as to render their intrinſic value as ſubſtantial as you wiſh their exterior to be amiable. Knowledge improves the human intellect, and endows it with all its excellence; unmaſks to our view our own natures; ſhews us what we are, and diſcloſes all that can be hoped or dreaded from the circumſtances we are in. By the regulations it preſcribes, and the delicacy it inſpires, knowledge improves our taſte for ſociety, and imparts a finer reliſh to all our mutual attachments. It is the inſeparable handmaid of happineſs, opens a thouſand avenues to indulgence of the pureſt and moſt exalted kind, unlocks to human view the myſteries of Providence, creates an heaven on earth, adds to the joys of the preſent the hopes of futurity, and, when the objects of this world expire on the ſenſes, fills the whole heart with the glorious and animating proſpects of another.

Without knowledge the poſſeſſions of time were imperfect, and the preſages of eternity unſatisfying. Speak, ye who are old

old and uninformed, Do not all things appear inſipid? Your paſſions have loſt their fire, your feelings their edge, your very ſenſes the natural reliſh of their reſpective objects. Worſe, not better, for all you have ſeen and heard, in the various ſtages of life, your every thought muſt be as inſipid to others, as it is to yourſelves. And, of all the empty prattle which fills an empty world, that of ſecond childhood, becauſe leaſt natural and innocent, is moſt tireſome and impertinent. Yet, under a hoary head, the ſacred and venerable emblem of wiſdom and experience, how frequently do we meet with nothing but ſtupidity, puerility, inſignificance, a mind eternally out of humour, and a tongue that never is at reſt!

The ſum of all human prudence is to provide againſt the worſt. Perſonal beauty ſoon dies, but that which is intellectual is immortal. And though age be almoſt every where attended with grey hairs, ſhattered teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, ſhort breath, ſtiff limbs, and a ſhrivelled

ſkin,

ſkin,—there is a charm in wiſdom, which, with all theſe melancholy circumſtances, diffuſes a pleaſing ſerenity over the evening of our days. Indeed, nothing is ſo truly reſpectable as this period of humanity, when dignified, as it ought to be, by all the habits and principles of genuine benignity and honour. Age is then wiſdom, combined with experience; the very ſpirit or ſum of all earthly perfection; an emblem or earneſt of that future and divine fruition, which is the certain conſequence and happy conſummation of all mental and moral excellence.

Thus it is from knowledge alone that the greateſt and the beſt have found even ſolitude and retirement ſo ſingularly charming, and that the decline of life, with all its infirmities, ſo frequently glides away amidſt the ſweeteſt endearments and the ſereneſt hopes. It is this which conſtitutes the only real and laſting diſtinction which can ſubſiſt between mortals of the ſame ſpecies,—which neither rank, nor title, nor fortune, however high or ſplendid, can deſtroy or confer,—and which, on every

emergency,

emergency, gives an obvious and decided ſuperiority to wealth, or power, or grandeur! Yes, by knowledge, women, as well as men, ſhare the prerogative of intelligence, hold the dominion of the world, boaſt the lineaments of divinity, and aſpire to an imitation of him who made them!

The objects of knowledge are infinite*. But theſe a ſenſible and prudent mother will accommodate to the future proſpects and deſtinations in life of her pupils. She will not, without fortune, inſpirit them with ſuch a taſte for dreſs, with ſuch ideas of expence, with a preference for ſuch modes of behaviour, for ſuch a ſpecies of equipage, ſuch amuſements, ſuch company, and a thouſand other ſuch extravagancies, as can

* None of theſe ſeems more becoming a young woman, than the characteriſtics of the human mind, with all that aſſemblage and contrariety of paſſion they ſeverally involve, and which are fully, obviouſly, and habitually exhibited in common life. This neceſſary ſpecies of information my fair readers may find detailed in great variety, and with infinite elegance and delicacy, in Richardſon's *Eſſay on ſome of the principal Characters in Shakeſpear.*

only

only ſuit the greateſt, the richeſt, and the moſt diſſipated. Much leſs will ſhe beſtow education fitted for a woman of quality on thoſe who can occupy only a dependent ſtation in life, inculcate the refinements of a lady of faſhion on ſuch as may be under the neceſſity of earning their own bread; or give to her, who is doomed to ſervitude, the breeding, endowments, and ideas of a ducheſs.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE.

THE flowers of the Spring derive their chief excellence from their promiſe of the riches of Autumn; and the moſt ſplendid accompliſhments are, in the ſame manner, eligible only as auxiliaries to virtue.

We have but little pleaſure; and it is of no conſequence what our improvements are, without they are accompanied with morality or perſonal worth. The accompliſhments of the underſtanding and the heart are in ſome degree eſſential to the being of every virtue. The want of the former will render your daughters inſignificant, but without the latter they muſt be worthleſs.

But dream not of engrafting virtue on rudeneſs, or that in any woman the moſt refined principles of integrity will atone for want of good nature. Indeed the beſt moral qualities, even though adorned with

all

all the elegance of taſte and genius, will never reconcile the world to the manners of a Shrew. It is not enough to make your daughters good, you muſt alſo make them agreeable; and wherever the principles of innocence are out of danger, as complaiſant and accommodating as poſſible. Nature has conſtituted them the delight of the other ſex, and it would ill become you to counteract, by negligence or inattention, her generous deſign.—The virtues are all amiable and engaging. Like you, who are deſtined to give them reality and a name, to be loved they need only to be ſeen. Not that the qualities of a warm, and open, and upright temper, can ever be agreeable to thoſe of a frigid, and narrow, and crooked one. The human heart is never ſo completely bleſſed, as when abſorbed in generoſity. This obſervation the ſelfiſh and little never make. It comes not within the narrow petrifying circle by which all their ſentiments and actions are generally ſquared and bounded. Yet I appeal to the feeling of every individual, whether you ever enjoy ſo much as when

you

you think moſt favourably of your fellow-creatures, and do them moſt good. Lay your hand on your heart, it will anſwer for me, that you are never ſo bleſſed as in the inſtant of bleſſing others. Then it is that we perceive the ſpirit and reality of virtue, that we feel her heavenly and genuine influence, that we gratefully acknowledge her divinity, and that we reſign ourſelves the willing ſubjects of her empire!

Put the caſe, that all the world were perfectly ſelfiſh and crafty, that every one diſliked, deſpiſed, and inſulted each other; and that all, in their various ſtations and relations, ſtruggled hard to over-reach and take every poſſible advantage; what infinite graſping, and quarrelling, would not then take place? We cannot conceive a more awful and perfect idea of human wretchedneſs, than the whole infernal tribe of ſiniſter paſſions thus let looſe.

It is owing, therefore, intirely to the few veſtiges of humanity, candour, and truth,

truth, which yet remain among us, that we do not literally devour one another. And were theſe univerſal, were they but as popular as the oppoſite vices, how happy, and cordial, and friendly, and acceptable ſhould we not all be, in the reciprocal exerciſe of the kindeſt affections, in conſtant interchanges of good offices, and in all the various endearing offices of mutual affability and good will?

Were there none of that pride in the world, which takes up ſo much room, renders every part about us ſo exquiſitely ſore and tender, and leſſens us ſo extremely in the eyes of others, while it lifts us ſo high, and blows us ſo big in our own; none of that rude implacable ſhyneſs, which points at the friendleſs and well-meaning, and originates ſo frequently in ignorance, and an abject deference to vulgar opinion; none of that hypocriſy, which ſerves as the ſecret reſervoir of malignity, to ſuck in poiſon from one quarter for the ſole purpoſe of diſcharging it with advantage in another; none of that execrable ſpite, which, like a

ſtream

ſtream of air circulating under ground, ſo often ſaps the comfort, or burſts with vindictive violence on the innocent and unſuſpecting:—in ſhort, were there no time-ſervers, no local ſycophants, no cringing ſlaves, no fawning, falſe-hearted friends, no liars and liſteners, no promoters of falſehood, no dupes to the wanton, and bad inventions of the weak or wicked—we ſhould have no grievances, no murmurings, no claſhing of intereſts, no ill-humour, no antipathies, no jars at all. Harmony and happineſs, not diſcord and miſery, would then be the badges of every human ſociety. This poor deſolated globe, ſo ſtrangely embroiled in diſtraction and ſorrow, thus emancipated from the deluſions of faſhion and the vaſſalage of domineering vice, would yet reſemble that holy and happy place, where peace and unity dwell in everlaſting concord, where pure, unmingled goodneſs charms every heart, and where all the bleſſed inhabitants are equally loving, lovely, and beloved.

Did you ever know—unleſs where poverty, or prejudice, or ſomething awkward in their circumſtances, diſguiſed them in the eyes of the public—either man or woman remarkably good, who was not peculiarly liked and careſſed by thoſe who had moſt acceſs to them?—In truth, the moſt infallible criterion of the worthy is, that they are uniformly beloved, and eſteemed moſt by all to whom they are beſt known.

Yes, there is a charm in every aſpect of true feminine excellence, to which the heart of man is never unſuſceptible. Make this all their ſtudy, and induce them to ſtudy it while nature affords them her kindeſt aſſiſtance. Now their ſenſibilities, on all occaſions, are awake to the moving and various forms of gracefulneſs and beauty. Theſe are objects to which youth are naturally and inſtinctively attached. Transfer their attention from this momentary alluſion, to things and principles more ſolid and real. All ſenſible qualities are at leaſt ſuperficial and temporary: but thoſe of the mind, whether good or bad, agreeable

ble or diſguſting, muſt be permanent and immortal. Every unamiable habit or mode of acting, with which the virtues have the remoteſt connection, is conſequently vicious, in proportion as it has a tendency to render them unpleaſing, unacceptable, and irreputable.

It is a groſs miſtake to expect, in the preſent ſtate of ſociety, any great degree of worth from thoſe women who have no poliſh. Who has not often ſeen, and felt, how exquiſitely agreeable and captivating true female delicacy, or baſhfulneſs, renders the moſt ſimple and unſuſpecting of the ſex? The principles of integrity and honor do not always ſuppoſe the exiſtence of the graces; but the graces would never pleaſe, but for that worth, which, in our minds, is habitually aſſociated with their appearance.

RELIGION.

EVERY other object of tuition obtained, will prove but of little avail without religion. This is the great principle, or key-ſtone, which knits together all the parts of an amiable and virtuous education. It is to the want of this that moſt of our public and private troubles and inconveniencies may juſtly be aſcribed.

Why are our highways, our towns and villages, our ſtreets, and even our houſes, ſo obnoxious to depredation and plunder? Why are the lives of individuals in ſo much danger, that the mutual intercourſe of friends is put under a moſt daring and ſanguinary proſcription? Whence are our youth of both ſexes, in many melancholy inſtances, ſo hoſtile to ſociety, as to be made by the laws of their country ſhocking examples

examples of public juſtice? Are not all theſe the horrid conſequences of thoſe impious and flagitious principles imbibed in places of infamous reſort, where every ſpecies of iniquity is propagated, and cheriſhed, and nurſed up to maturity, and where the holieſt and beſt regards of the human heart are habitually laughed to ſcorn, and all the dreadful realities of another world treated with ridicule and contempt? Even feminine ſimplicity and honour, ſo long regarded with reverence and delicacy by the worthieſt in every department of ſociety, are openly reprobated and traduced as chimerical and fictitious.

Such is the faſhionable creed of the day, from which every enormity in life derives a kind of temporary ſanction.—It ſuits all ſorts of bad men and bad women equally, from the profligate great, who riot on the laborious induſtry of their dependents, to the common proſtitute, whoſe profeſſion is an inſult on decency, and the ſavage foot-pad, who extorts your money at the point of a dagger.

When religion was more in repute, obedience to the laws was in greater eſtimation. Women were not ſo apt to violate the virtues of modeſty, nor men to dare the boundaries of legal authority. And, perhaps, no other expedient can ſo effectually check the progreſs of ſuch a public and notorious grievance, as reviving the exploded doctrines of Chriſtianity; which would gradually and infallibly annihilate bad company, and all thoſe ſchools of vice and debauchery where ruffians acquire the dreadful ſcience of their trade, more effectually than either from the apprehenſion of exile, or the terrors of an infamous death.

Take care of the young, and you inevitably ſecure the peace of the old.—Make them reſpect good actions, be temperate, induſtrious, and humane, and all ſorts of temptation, like foaming billows bounded by an adamantine ſhore, may aſſail them in every form, and from every quarter, but without effect.

The

The complexion of the times does not ſurely require me to caution you againſt degrading the minds of your daughters with the nonſenſe of fanaticiſm. Tenets there are, and have been, which ſome are fond of dignifying with the name of religion, but which are an indecent burleſque on every thing ſacred and divine. A ſyſtem is even now induſtriouſly propagated, which makes a holy God the author of iniquity, loads innocence with guilt, deſtroys the liberty of human agency, reſigns the government of the world into a blind and partial fatality, ſubverts all the natural principles of reaſon, renders infanity eſſential to devotion, and affixes to the mechanical habits of affectation and ſingularity, ideas of the ſublimeſt piety, and the moſt rigid ſanctity.

The woman who is actuated by miſtaken religion, is little better than ſhe who has none at all. And it is as ſafe dealing with a man, whom we know to be deſtitute of honeſty, as to cultivate an acquaintance with a woman without principle. Religion

alone lifts the ſex above the ſeduction of vice, and ſecures to them that confidence which originates in purity of mind and delicacy of behaviour. The world may think them ſuperſtitious, and even ridicule their weakneſs; but their huſbands, however libertine and ſceptical in their own manners, will regard the pious fidelity of their wives with ſatisfaction and triumph.

Forget not that religion is the glory of the ſex, and adds to every other female excellence ſuperior luſtre and grace.—To be Chriſtians, your daughters need not be fools. Indeed, the dignity or reality of rational religion, is a conviction of which fools are incapable. And what they have neither judgment to diſcern, nor, taſte to reliſh, it is but natural for them to ridicule. But whatever their opinions, which are always falſe and contemptible, may be, there is ſuch a thing as piety without bigotry, and principle without prudery.

The moſt ſacred and fundamental laws of truth and worth, are thoſe of nature

and

and Heaven. Humanity to their fellow-creatures, and gratitude to the Supreme Benefactor of the world, include whatever it is neceſſary to teach your daughters. Early impreſſed with an habitual perſuaſion of theſe original and indiſpenſible obligations, it is almoſt impoſſible for their lives to be tarniſhed with any groſs immorality.

A woman of ſenſe and principle will often find her duty to be incompatible with cuſtom; but, while poſſeſſed of a ſound underſtanding, and a pious heart, ſhe can be at no loſs which to prefer, the vicious example of the world, or the ſecret admonitions of her own conſcience.

Without religion, the leaſt difficulty might perplex her judgment, and plunge her into miſery. Does her heart aſſure her, on any critical emergency, that ſhe ought not to adopt the capricious impoſitions of faſhion; that the dictates of her own mind are more ſteady and eligible principls, of deportment, than the arbitrary ſuffrage of a raſh misjudging world—and that to act

worthy of her nature, as a rational creature, and of her ſtation, as accountable to the God who made her, the motives of her conduct muſt be abſolutely voluntary? Her timidity creates a thouſand diſtracting circumſtances to her apprehenſion, which unhinge her reſolution, and debaſe her virtue, and ſhe often becomes the victim of a melancholy and diſtempered imagination.

Indeed, with a very ſanguine conſtitution, ſhe will acquire a caſt of temper wholly artificial. Her vivacity will degenerate into pertneſs, her ſagacity into ſubtlety and cunning, her delicacy into peeviſhneſs, and the paſſions of envy and dejection ſeize and govern her ſoul by turns. Then ſhe will either yield indiſcriminately to every indiſcretion that may ſuit her humour; or keep within the bounds of decorum, not from motives of probity, but of fear. Thus ſhe acts from no ſettled habits of well-doing, feels no ſanctions ſuperior to the praiſe and blame of mortals, cenſures the vices only for which ſhe has no taſte, and

and ſneers at virtues which ſhe dares not imitate.

No! there is not a more deplorable and diſguſting object in female ſhape, than a woman deſtitute of religious principles. But where theſe form the great lines of her character, what in art or nature, fiction or reality, can be more charming or reſpectable? She poſſeſſes, without interruption, the conſcious approbation of a mind full of harmony and goodneſs. It is even inconceivable how exquiſitely that benignity, which religion inſpires, improves the moſt ordinary looks. It tempers the harſheſt voice to the tone of humanity, and imparts to the leaſt engaging eyes all the captivating graces of undiſſembled kindneſs. It compoſes that charm which ſilently operates on every heart, and gains the confidence of all, without incurring the diſlike, or exciting the ſuſpicion of any. Nor can we conceive more highly and honourably of female worth, than where all the gentler ſenſibilities of nature are

thus

thus elevated and refined by the principles of a ſolid and well-eſtabliſhed piety.

Ill do they conſult the dignity, the worth, and the utility of the ſex, who endeavour or deſire to deprive them of religion. What ſo captivating as generoſity and gratitude, inflexible veracity, and reſolute innocence, connected in the female character with exterior excellence? And where can your daughters imbibe ſuch ſentiments as ſhall effectually preſerve their reputations and their hearts, but in this noble and divine ſchool?

Many are the inquietudes and fatigues of the moſt eligible and deſirable ſituation in domeſtic life. And how are theſe to be ſupported, eſpecially by your ſex, who have generally the largeſt ſhare of the burden? Religion alone ſoftens the trouble, and, by compoſing the heart and affections, diveſts, in ſome meaſure, the misfortune of its ſting. A good woman, whoſe habits of conduct are formed on the genius of Chriſtianity, exhibits, on all occaſions, an amiable

amiable and intereſting picture of tranquillity and content, a temper purified by piety, and a mind enriched with patience.

Our obligations to your ſex always begin, and not unfrequently end, only with life. To them hath nature conſigned the care of our infant years; and in that melancholy period, which is commonly a ſecond childhood, it is alſo, for the moſt part, their province to preſide. They receive us at the hands of our Maker, and theirs is the ſad office of finally cloſing our eyes. Ought not, then, your daughters to cultivate and imbibe all thoſe gentle and winning diſpoſitions, which originate in religious conviction, and goodneſs of heart?

There are times, when the phyſician is of no uſe, when all the wealth of both Indies cannot purchaſe a moment's relief from pain and ſorrow, when nothing in the whole univerſe is half ſo ſweet and grateful to the agonizing mind, as kind affections. Then the aſſiduous prevention of our wiſhes is beyond expreſſion precious

and

and ineſtimable, and worlds would be relinquiſhed with pleaſure, for that yielding meekneſs, that ſoothing ſympathy, that ſoft, compaſſionate, tender, and intereſting ſolicitude and ſenſibility, which are the divineſt ornaments of the ſex in every trying circumſtance. But where is the woman who, deſtitute of the religious principle, was ever diſtinguiſhed or exemplary for an affectionate temper? It is religion alone that renders her an object of confidence and eſteem, and adds ſincerity to her attentions, veracity to her promiſes, ſimplicity to her profeſſions, and the genuine voice of kindneſs and humanity to her language and her looks.

The ſtated duties of devotion can never be habitually omitted by any who have imbibed its ſpirit. The very eſſence of this fine and delicate principle would ſoon be loſt, but for an attention to its forms. It is, therefore, high time to reſcue your ſex from the indiſcriminate ſarcaſm and calumny of ſlighting the ſocial and important inſtitutions of religion. In great

trading

trading cities, thoſe perſons deeply engroſſed in buſineſs may be glad once a week, eſpecially when tempted by fine weather, to prefer a rural excurſion. But in moſt country pariſhes, in places of general reſort, in county towns, and even in the neighbourhood and court-end of the metropolis, it is ſtill the faſhion, even for ladies of rank and diſtinction, to attend public worſhip. It is, indeed, among the middle and lower orders of ſociety, that any thing like a neglect of this duty prevails. Perhaps no woman was ever intrinſically good, whoſe education had no tincture of religion in it; and he is rather a ſingular man, who ever poſſeſſed a cordial affection for any woman not in the habit of *going to church*.

RESIGNATION.

RESIGNATION.

ALTHOUGH ſurrounded as you may be with every earthly bleſſing, yet you muſt not expect to be exempted from the common lot of trial, diſappointment and ſuffering. One would not, indeed, on *all* occaſions, wiſh to be wholly inſenſible to diſquietude; and we muſt certainly renounce the moſt refined delights of our being, if we would on all occaſions wiſh to poſſeſs our ſouls in a *ſtoical* tranquillity.

The great buſineſs is, to bring our minds to that reſignation to the will of the Almighty, as to make it the *governing* principle of our whole lives, and the chief ſupport under the various troubles of it. But it is our *love* to God which muſt bring us to a free reſignation of *our* will to *His*: as he is moſt wiſe and moſt merciful, we ſhould of neceſſity conclude that his will is the *beſt*; the heart muſt be ſatisfied that the calamity, whatever it be, that we lament,

comes

comes from the hand of God, of whoſe wiſdom, love, and goodneſs, we have the greateſt aſſurance; and as it does not befall us without his will, we muſt conclude it is moſt fit to be borne. Heaven leads us often to happineſs by means which mock all human foreſight; but which we may be convinced will terminate in our felicity, if we have patience to wait the event. As there are many confuſed and *ravelled* threads prepared for the loom, which afterwards form the beautiful flower and regular leaf; ſo is this period of our *beginning* exiſtence alſo full of many complicated viciſſitudes, of which we cannot ſee the deciſive reſult, but which muſt ariſe from the colour of our lives; and theſe will end well if we calmly wait the grand cataſtrophe with a reſigned dependance and firm reliance on the will of God: we ſhall then ſee "the apparent ex-"pediency of thoſe *light afflictions*, which "are but for a moment, and then be con-"vinced that they have been working out "for us an eternal weight of glory." It is impoſſible that we ſhould know what *are*, or are *not* calamities; God does not eſtimate things

things as we do. It is equally impoſſible to ſuppoſe that the Deity, who has made ſo many things for our uſe, and to regale every ſenſe, can neglect our concerns, or miſjudge what is proper for us; we may ſurely (miſerable worms as we are) *allow* God himſelf to conſider what is moſt *proper* for *his own creatures*, and what is moſt ſuitable to our natures, and moſt profitable for our affairs. Man is perhaps more dear to his Maker than he is to himſelf: how know we but that the bleſſing we languiſh for is only delayed to be encreaſed in its value? Let the moſt unhappy of mortals only wait the final *upſhot* of events, he will then find the guſhing tear, the heaving ſigh, changed into ſongs of praiſe and hymns of wonder. An intelligent almighty Power reſtrains us, doubtleſs, from many incidents, which in our preſent blind ſtate we *miſcall* happineſs, for the ſame kind reaſon which we reſtrain a ſimple child, in its helpleſs infancy, from whatever is pernicious, or abſolutely contrary to its preſervation. Our wayward deſires are often like thoſe of a fretful infant, who cries to put its hand in the fire.

" But

" But God's reſtraints are merciful as juſt——
" By theſe our ſelfiſh paſſions it corrects;
" By theſe from wrong our weakneſs it protects.
" See Furioſo on his keeper frown,
" Depriv'd the precious privilege to *drown*;
" Greatly he claims a right to his undoing,
" The *chains* that hold him, hold him from his
" *ruin.*"

If we take an accurate ſurvey of the events of human life, we ſhall find continual cauſe to bleſs the kind hand of Providence, as much in his *reſtraints from evil*, as in the *grant* of bleſſings. As a motive to reſignation, we ſhould conſider how often the Great Diſpoſer of events extracts advantages even from our misfortunes. How often do affairs the moſt *ſingularly* unfortunate, through a chain of very croſs accidents, terminate in the moſt fortunate manner that it is poſſible to conceive? I have always thought it a very ſelfiſh way, to conſole ourſelves under our loſſes and misfortunes, by that *narrow* old maxim, " that " *others* feel the ſame *calamity*; and that it " is no more than what *our neighbours* ex- " perience; in ſhort, that it is the fate of " every mortal in this world to experience " ſufferings."

"ſufferings." This uncomfortable reflection, I think, is ſo far from alleviating our ſorrows, that it ought, to a benevolent mind, to make them ſtill greater; to a mind endued with tender ſenſibility, there can ſurely be no relief or mitigation of its griefs, in reflecting that another perſon is as wretched as one's ſelf.

By a perfect reſignation of our will to God, we ſhall attain that *truſt* and *confidence*, in his unlimited power, and boundleſs mercies, which will render us not only *indifferent*, but *ſuperior*, to the innumerable changes of this fluctuating ſtate. What is not a devout ſoul capable of atchieving, when it is animated by this divine confidence in that Being, who,

"Boundleſs ſpirit all——
"Adjuſts, pervades, and animates the whole."

There are moments in which the ſoul, on this occaſion, ſpurns even the weakneſſes of its nature, and towers above them all, by her own native energy and enthuſiaſm of action;

action; which perhaps might well be adduced as one intimation, that we have a divine and immortal ſpark within us, the generous native of a higher region. What tongue or thought can reach their happineſs, who living in a perfect ſubmiſſion to, and truſt *in*, an *all-good* and *all-wiſe* will, are never in the leaſt concerned or troubled what to chuſe, but everlaſtingly follow what an infinite goodneſs and an infinite wiſdom has choſen for them!

And what can be more fit or reaſonable, than that we ſhould make *Him* the ſtay of our confidence, in whom we live, and move, and have our being? whoſe *wiſdom*, *power*, and *goodneſs* is ſo great, that he always *knows* what is beſt for us, and *wills* what he knows to be ſo, and always *does* what he *wills*. For there are innumerable things, which in the natural ſeries and order of cauſes are conſequent to every event, the greateſt part of which are entirely out of the ſphere of our cognizance; ſo that it is utterly impoſſible for us to make an infallible judgment of the *good* or *evil* of any event

that

that befalls us; becauſe, though we may be certain that ſuch an event, ſingly and apart by itſelf, may be *good* or *evil* for us, yet, for aught we know, there may be ſuch conſequences inſeparable to it in the chain of events, as may quite alter its nature, and render that *evil*, which conſidered ſingly may be good for us, or that *good*, which conſidered ſingly may be *evil*. We wiſh with the moſt ardent impatience for ſuch an event, and are convinced every advantage imaginable would enſue from our enjoying it; but alas! if we ſhould gain this deſirable wiſh, on which we have ſet our hearts, according to the ſeries of things, a thouſand other events in *conſequence* of it muſt follow: and what *they* will prove we cannot be able to prognoſticate, but, for what we know, the *miſchief* of them may abundantly outweigh the *benefit* of the other. And this being ſo, how extremely unfit are we to make a choice for ourſelves, ſince in moſt particulars it is an equal chance whether what we chuſe will prove a bleſſing or its contrary. *It is God alone*, who, being the ſupreme diſpoſer of all things, and having

the

the firſt link of every chain of cauſes in his own hands, muſt have an entire comprehenſion of all the intermediate ones, from the beginning to the end. His power is not only the cauſe of all *actual* events, but alſo of the poſſibility of *thoſe* that ſhall never be actual; therefore he muſt needs diſcern the utmoſt iſſues and concomitants of every *poſſible*, as well as of every *future* event; and perfectly underſtands not only what *will* be beneficial or injurious to us, but what *might* be ſo. It is of ineſtimable advantage to us, *that* we are in the hands of a Being who knows as well what events *would* be to us if they *were*, as what they *are* when they actually *do* exiſt.—Let us bow our heads, therefore, in adoring reſignation, and reſt ſatisfied, that *He* who marſhals all the ſtarry hoſts of heaven, and ſo accurately ranges every the ſmalleſt blade of graſs which trembles in the wind; that He who created the Seraphim in all his glory, and who diſdained not, in his amazing ſcheme of exiſtence, to rear the humble violet from its bed, or to plant the daiſy in the lowly ſhade; that it is *He* who orders

all

all the diſpenſations of our ſtate, with a vigilance and tenderneſs nothing can excel, with a goodneſs which endureth for ever.

Let us repoſe our whole cares, therefore, our every wiſh, our every hope, on that *Being*, who, from the higheſt throne of angels to the very loweſt degree of inſect exiſtence, orders every thing in "*number, weight*, and *meaſure*."

Virtue, deſpiſed virtue, in this bad world, gains lovelineſs from a louring Providence, and treads the melancholy ſhades of diſappointment with more than mortal charms; —adorned with the mild graces of humility, patience, and humble hope, her *ſtedfaſt* eye is fixed on heaven *alone*. Shakeſpear, in his beautiful language ſays,

"Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
"Which, like the toad,——
"All bloated, foul, and ſpotted,
"Still wears a *precious* jewel in its head."

If afflictions tend therefore to ſtrengthen our mind, and to teach us reſignation to

our

our God, let us welcome diſappointment and calamity. If ſickneſs or a priſon be our portion, how know we but that it is the means of opening our way to the right hand of the heavenly throne? What carries a ſhew of negligence in the natural world, as the roving of the planetary worlds, the unfixed motion of the ſtars, &c. is in reality the reſult of the moſt maſterly contrivance: thoſe heavenly bodies may appear to rove, but it is by the exacteſt rule and niceſt order: So, what wears the appearance of misfortune in the allotments appointed for us, is not the effect of blind chance, but of the moſt tender love and watchful care. When we are travelling a journey, and are certain in the evening to arrive at a comfortable habitation, would it not be the moſt ridiculous abſurdity to fret at every ſtone or pebble which annoyed us on the road? Would not rather any little rub or impediment even raiſe our mirth, when we are ſure in a few hours we ſhall be ſafe in comfort at our deſtined home? It is impoſſible for any *dependant Being* to be happy, without an entire *truſt*

and *confidence* in *that God* on whom its happineſs and being *depend*. When we have attained this divine duty of Reſignation to the will of our Maker, we may then welcome its attendant virtue, Contentment, and with truth exclaim,

"Hail, ſweet *Content*, where joy ſerene
"Gilds the mild ſoul's *unruffled* ſcene."

Contentment ſeems the peculiar gift of the Almighty, for a thankful acquieſcence to the will of Heaven under all its diſpenſations. If contentment, ariſing from reſignation to the will of God, can be practiſed in great trials, how much more eaſy muſt it be in the leſs incidents of common life!

By reſignation to the Almighty, we ſhall not only gain *contentment*, but that *cheerfulneſs* alſo, which Mr. Addiſon calls "the health of the ſoul;" we ſhall loſe that perpetual anxiety and ſolicitude which embitters our lives, and indeed which it is impoſſible, without a perfect confidence and truſt in God, we can avoid: for we are ſenſible that

our

our condition is dependant, and that it is not in our own power, either to make it what we would have it, or to ſecure and continue it when it is made ſo: we know that by a thouſand chances, notwithſtanding our utmoſt foreſight, we may be the next moment ſnatched from what we poſſeſs, or what we poſſeſs may be ſnatched from us. We cannot *foreſee* dangers; and if we could, it is not in our power to *prevent* them. If we form our projects ever ſo wiſely, there are infinite croſs accidents which fruſtrate them. Let us caſt then our whole concerns, our whole care on infinite *wiſdom*, which knoweth all things; on *power*, which hath no bounds; and on *goodneſs*, which endureth for ever.

Nothing will conduce more to your attaining this heavenly diſpoſition of reſignation to the Almighty, or be a more effectual comfort in any trying calamity, than the continually addreſſing the Great Diſpoſer of our fate, in theſe or the like acts of reſignation: "Great God, the time is now "come when thou are pleaſed to afflict me;

"but at this time, and all others, praiſed
"be thy holy name, this is thy appoint-
"ment, and I ſubmit. I know it is for
"ſome wiſe purpoſe—the return of this
"calamity—the manner, the continuance
"of my afflictions are all of thy permitting.
"Great Source of Being, this is thy hour,
"which thou from all eternity haſt ordain-
"ed to be the ſeaſon of my *preſent* diſcom-
"fort, but the inſtrument of my *future*
"happineſs and glory. It is good for me
"that I am in trouble, that I may learn
"thy ſtatutes; for nothing is or can be
"done without thy providence or direction
"—without ſome wiſe or excellent deſign.
"Welcome then diſtreſs—welcome then
"diſappointment—if it teaches me reſig-
"nation to my God."

The *reſigned* mind, by its perfect depen-
dance on God, in fact makes its own hea-
ven, and ſecures itſelf for ever in the un-
diſturbed enjoyment of it.

THE END.

30 58 OCT